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APRIL, 1944

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Letters in Canada: 1943.....Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse
Part I: English-Canadian Letters
Poetry.....E. K. Brown
Fiction.....J. R. MacGillivray
Remaining Material.....The Editor and Others

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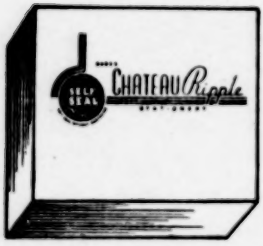

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
ON THE FIFTEENTH OF
OCTOBER JANUARY APRIL JULY

Editorial communications should be addressed to the Editors, Baldwin House, University of Toronto. All inquiries regarding subscriptions and advertising should be addressed to the Manager, The University of Toronto Press.

$2.00 a Year Three Years $5.00

PROVINCIAL
PAPER
LIMITED

388-396 University Avenue
TORONTO, CANADA

MANUFACTURERS OF BOOK,
WRITING and COATED PAPER

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SOVIET WAR LITERATURE

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

THE development of Soviet literature over the last twenty-five years is as heroic and self-sacrificing a story as the development of Soviet industry. Writers underwent nearly every conceivable vicissitude: they suffered cold and hunger in the early days; they were afflicted with one period of severe regimentation during the first Five-Year Plan, and they contended with all those conflicting forces born of revolution, civil war and the incredibly swift social, political and economic reconstruction of their vast country. All of them listened to the music of the revolution, but many could not whistle these harsh, discordant notes, and hence fell silent. Further, millions and millions of people, who had just learned to read, were demanding books and more books, not so much for the sake of entertainment, but poetry, fiction and drama in which the heroes and heroines would dignify and justify the tremendous sacrifices that the masses were making in building a new world for themselves. Writers attempted to meet this demand, and in their literature they tried to live up to the dictum of Lenin: "Art belongs to the people; it must be rooted in and grow with their feelings, thoughts and desires."

Eventually great authors emerged, like Mayakovsky, Pasternak, Tikhonov, Aseyev, Tvardovsky, Aleksei Tolstoy, Fedin, Katayev, Fadeyev, Zoshchenko and Sholokhov. And the enduring works they were publishing in the years just before the war embodied the principle of socialist realism. These Soviet writers had learned to regard man with all possible optimism, while at the same time not eschewing the severest criticism of the oppressive conditions surrounding man. In their way they gave allegiance to a new kind of humanism, a socialist humanism, that presupposed a socialist society, in which the individual and the community were no longer two hostile but two complementary factors aiding each other's growth. They had little patience with destructive criticism aimed against society, or with the scepticism and cynicism of so much of our own recent realistic literature. For the socialist realism of Soviet literature confirms existence as activity, as creation, as the fulfilment of man's potentialities, the consummation of his victory over the forces of nature. Gone forever is the superfluous hero of

so much of Russian literature before the revolution. The ideal Soviet hero is a man of action; more specifically, he is a hero of labour, for labour as a theme in Soviet life and literature is always linked with heroism. The hero's personality is vivid, but he is not an individualist; for his heroism is inevitably social, a marked contrast to the supremely individualistic and anti-social heroes of our own literature today. In short, socialist realism attempts to integrate literature and life; its aim is not only to reflect life, but to shape it, to imbue it with significance, to direct the creative present to a more creative future.

The invasion of Russia by the Nazis brought to a halt the remarkably progressive development of Soviet literature, as it brought to a halt all the progressive, constructive forces of the country and transformed them into forces of destruction—destruction of the enemy. The whole art world, like every other human endeavour in the U.S.S.R., was immediately mobilized for the new duties that war thrust upon the people. Every author, great and small, came forward to declare publicly his devotion to the cause of victory. Their collective sentiments are well summed up in a public statement of Aleksei Tolstoy:

> There is one trait in the Russian character. In life's difficult moments, in times of adversity, he easily relinquishes the things he has grown used to, that made up his daily life. He may just have been an ordinary man, one of many. He is called upon to be a hero. And he becomes one. And that is quite natural to him. This is my country, my native land, my fatherland,—there is no feeling in life warmer, deeper, and more sacred than love of you.

Almost to a man Soviet writers are actively engaged in some form or other of war work. Some are in the ranks of the army or in political war work; many are war correspondents for the big newspapers; others are running front-line newspapers, of which there are a great many in the Red Army. A large number of writers share the dangers of the campaign on an equal footing with the fighting men. Already the famous humorist Eugene Petrov and the well-known dramatist Afinogenov have been killed, and the poet Utkin has been wounded, to mention only a few of the better-known names. Catching a minute now and then, while resting in a blindage or a trench during lulls in the fighting, these writers at the front jot down in their note-books laconic descriptions of war events or some momentary impression, or they take down information from soldiers and interview civilians in reoccupied territory.

This material becomes the basis for the most typical kind of war literature produced in the Soviet Union—straight eyewitness accounts of actual fighting, or short stories based on real incidents of the war. They have appeared literally in millions of copies in newspapers, magazines, and specially prepared pamphlets. The great sieges of Odessa, Sevastopol, Leningrad and Stalingrad have provided material for myriad accounts in special feature articles or in short stories, plays, and poetry. Finally, the heroic activities of the guerrillas have been much celebrated in literature. Very few full-length novels have appeared; the swift tempo and inexorable demands of war are conditions inimical to the creation of longer works of fiction by men who are actively engaged in the strife.

In general, the horrors, heroics and pathos of war in fiction and poetry have an ancient dullness about them; they stifle rather than stimulate human response. Always the living seem to go on dying, and the dead are forever dead. In order to stir and not surfeit the emotions, war literature must preserve the simple values of common people amid the heroics and pathos of clashing armies. A great deal of Soviet war literature does just this.

There has recently been published in the Soviet Union a huge volume entitled *The Great Fatherland War* (*Velikaya otechestvennaya voina*), which is a collection of the best pieces that have come out of the war. In reading over this volume, one is struck by a significant fact: the dominant note that runs through nearly all the material is one of fierce, unmitigated hatred for the enemy. It is an unusual note for Russian writers to strike. For in the best examples of Russian war literature of the past, such as Tolstoy's *Sevastopol Tales* and *War and Peace*, war is treated with a certain grim realism, to be sure, but it is never devoid of the more humane elements of mortal combat. If these older authors were proud of their country and its heroes, they were not ungenerous to the foe. They could see and acclaim the gallantry of their enemies, and they gave honour where honour was due.

There is not the slightest suggestion of this traditional Russian gallantry towards the Nazis in Soviet war literature, and with good reason. Not only is the whole Nazi philosophy repugnant to Soviet citizens, who have been nurtured on the doctrine of equality and tolerance for all races, but also the ferocious brutality of the invaders and their wanton destruction of the industrial plants, collec-

tive farms, and public buildings that have cost the Soviet people so much sacrifice to build, have aroused the bitter hatred that is everywhere reflected in literature.

What has become perhaps the classic expression of this feeling is a little piece by Sholokhov, called *Hate*, which is included in the collection of war literature already mentioned. Sholokhov writes of the experiences of a typical Red Army officer, Lieutenant Gerasimov, whom he met at the front. In his work in a factory before the war, Gerasimov had admired the excellence of the German machines they used, had read German books, and entertained a considerable respect for these foreigners. When the war finally came, he obtained his commission, and in his first engagement his platoon captured a few Germans. He remembered how his men took pity on these pale and frightened prisoners; they brought them anything they could spare, a bit of tobacco, a fag, or some tea, and they clapped them on the back and called them "comrades," and asked them what they were fighting for.

Soon after this, however, the Russians launched an offensive, and they discovered with horror what these "comrades" had been doing behind their own lines: villages burned to the ground, hundreds of women, children and old folk shot, mutilated corpses of Red Army men who had been taken prisoner, and women and girls, some only children, raped and then murdered. "One case in particular sticks in my mind," Gerasimov recalls.

> It was a girl of about eleven. She must have been on the way to school when the Germans caught her, dragged her into a kitchen-garden, raped and then killed her. There she lay, among the crushed potato tops, a little slip of a girl, a mere child, with her school books lying all around, bespattered with her blood. Her face was frightfully gashed with sabre cuts. She was still clutching her school-satchel, and it was open. We covered the body with a cape and stood a minute or two by it without speaking. Then the men went away just as silently. But I lingered on, whispering over and over, I remember, in a sort of daze: "Barkov, Polovinkin. Physical Geography, reader for higher grade schools." It was the title of one of the books lying there in the grass. A book I knew, because my own little girl was in the fifth form.

Such an account hardly bears quoting; yet if one were to obtain a correct and comprehensive impression of a dominating theme in Soviet war literature, it would be necessary to quote scores of such passages from similar narratives. It is not propaganda: it is the bloody and horrifying record of a commonplace in the fighting in

Russia, and hence there is little wonder that it looms so large in Soviet literature devoted to the war.

Another prominent theme in the eyewitness accounts, short stories and poetry in this large collection of Soviet war literature, is the wonderful sense of self-sacrificing comradeship among the multi-national peoples who make up the great Red Army. This theme is most effectively brought out in a tale by Wanda Wasilewska, called *The Commonwealth of Nations*, which is the name of a tank manned by three inseparable companions, a Russian, a Jew, and a Ukrainian. There is something universal in the sentiments and affections of these three soldiers for each other. To be sure, comradeship is one of the few virtues that the experience of war develops in any army. Yet it is worth emphasizing here in the case of the soldiers of the Red Army. For somehow the Russian fighting on the eastern front seems to us so distant, so impersonal, and so do the terrible devastation, the human suffering, and the millions of dead and wounded. There is a deplorable tendency to feel that life is held cheaply among these Russians, and that they are different from us and do not share the same fears and joys, the same hopes and aspirations. Nevertheless, one experiences a rare feeling of kinship with the three companions in *The Commonwealth of Nations* as they chat during a lull in the fighting; it is a kinship that defies distance and strangeness, for they converse as soldiers the world over converse in time of war. The subject is the perennial one: what they will do when the war is over. Mikola, the Ukrainian, is determined that he will marry his sweetheart the very first day he gets home after peace comes, and then he'll settle down on his collective farm and have kids, "lots of kids." The brainy Jew, Finkelstein, is going to attempt to realize his ambition and become a professor. But the less imaginative Russian declares that the first thing he will do will be to take his wife on a tour of the Caucasus, which he had promised her long ago. This wishful thinking in the face of the mirage of peace brings on the inevitable planning for a meeting of all three comrades after the war. Each puts in his claim for the locus, but the Ukrainian wins the day with a lyrical description of the pleasures of his farm—"such apple trees" he has; fish, well the river "simply teems with them"; and his new bride will make them borsch, "make it our way; they never made borsch that way anywhere else!"

" 'With garlic?' Finkelstein inquired with interest.

'Well, we can have some garlic in it if you like . . . . Only not too much. If you put too much in it you'll spoil the flavor, the garlic will kill the taste. Just a wee bit, eh?'

'Just a touch will do,' the Russian agreed."

Clearly, this might be three comrades of a British or American tank crew somewhere in Italy, talking about what they will do when the war is over. Shortly after this conversation takes place in the Soviet tale, battle is joined, a shell hits the tank, and the Jew and Ukrainian are blinded.

Soviet poetry has not lagged behind prose in dedicating itself to an all-out war effort. Olga Knipper, the widow of Chekhov, declared at the outbreak of the war: "The Germans say: 'We do not need poetry, we need guns.' Well, *we* need poetry too. Our poetry is also 'at the front.' The true poet today is aware of the one possible happiness—to live the lot of his country."

In fact, the war has brought about something of a renascence in the realm of verse, in which many of the older Soviet poets are being paced by a whole crop of newcomers. And a significant progression may be observed from the often difficult, futuristic language of pre-war poetry to the simple, lucid, uninvolved style of so many of the lyrics and ballads on war themes. It is impossible to consider here even a fraction of the rich outpouring of verse. There is the long poem of Tvardovsky, *Vasily Tyorkin*, which narrates a series of episodes in the life of a typical Soviet soldier and does much to reveal the peculiar fighting qualities, the patriotism, and the pride in their country of the Red Army men. There is also the long, almost epic poem, *Pulkovo Meridian*, of Vera Inber, which tells in starkly realistic verse of the terrible days of the siege of Leningrad. And on much the same subject is Tikhonov's long poem, *Kirov Is With Us*.

A prevalent theme in much of Soviet war poetry is the inexpressible longing of these Red Army men to get their job at the front done and return to the soil, to the factory, to the office. They hate war, as Russians have always hated it. And with their strong desire to live and return is coupled a longing that what they have loved, what seems most dear to them, may be waiting for them, perhaps to help them forget the horror of what they have been through. It is a notable fact that some of the finest love poetry to come out of the war has been written in Soviet Russia. By invoking the image of his beloved, the soldier draws strength for his national

love-hate sentiment, and finds comfort in the thought that the loved one waiting for him will caress into oblivion the ghastly image of war. Perhaps the best expression of this sentiment has been given by the brilliant young poet Konstantin Simonov in his tremendously popular poem *Wait for Me*, which is really a fragment from a long and as yet unfinished cycle *With You and Without You*.

In one important sense, however, Soviet war literature is unique. The building of this new civilization in the U.S.S.R. has been the work of the people. Theirs was the sacrifice and toil, and pre-war literature never failed to dignify and glorify this mighty effort of the masses. In a like degree this war against the Nazis is regarded, and is in fact, a people's war. For all the people, not merely the Red Army, are fighting in one way or another against the invaders, to preserve what they have built with their own hands. And Soviet literature clearly reflects this fact that the war is a people's war. The endless toil of the workers behind the lines, the heroism of the guerrillas, and the valour of whole civilian populations in the terrible sieges of Sevastopol, Leningrad and Stalingrad are celebrated in song and story along with the deeds of the soldiers at the front. And throughout much of this literature breathes a new kind of internationalism—a conviction that the fierce death-struggle of the people of Russia is for the sake of mankind and that all liberty-loving mankind is with them in their fight. The poet Nikolai Aseyev strikes this note in his poem, *Mankind Is With Us:*

On your shoulders today
Rests the fate of the earth,
Justice lies your way,
Truth must have a rebirth.

* * *

For behind like a wall
Stands the whole of mankind,—
Mankind thrilled and inspired
By the tread of your feet,
Mankind, swelling with ire,
Breathing fire and heat.

KIERKEGAARD AND THE LEVELS OF EXISTENCE

REID MACCALLUM

BLANKETING the summit of thought in the 1830's there lay a great glacier, the System of Hegel. Within it were held in suspension, and in alleged reconciliation, the ideal and the actual, what ought to be and what is, the inner and the outer, God, Nature, and the life of men and nations.

Hegel's victories had been won through a new secret weapon, dialectic; the technique was to use and exploit contradictions rather than to avoid them. Any thesis—and this could be a fact or action as well as a concept—inevitably calls up and passes into its contradictory, the antithesis; from the struggle between the two emerges a synthesis or reconciliation which provides the thesis for a new round of dialectic. What happens to the contradiction in the synthesis? Well, it is *aufgehoben;* and in the alarmingly plastic German tongue to be *aufgehoben* means both to be removed and to be retained. Kierkegaard irreverently calls this process of "mediation," "One, two, three, Cockalorum."

Simultaneously in 1843, with Kierkegaard's "Either-Or" and Marx's "Critique" of Hegel's political theory, two violent torrents of protest begin to rush away from the glacier, though down opposite sides of the mountain.

Both men, while owing Hegel more than appears, and certainly deriving from him the dialectic which each reshapes to his own ends, agree in regarding Hegel as the most colossal, the most complacent looker-on of all time. Both see the task of thought not as contemplative understanding of things, but their radical transformation. What Marx demands, the union of theory and practice, forms the core of Kierkegaard's "existential" philosophy—that a man should think his life and live his thought. Both are preoccupied, not with abstract essence, but with existence, and for both this implies action, passionate and single-minded decision. The demoralized age of which Marx says that its passions are without truth and its truths without passion, is the same which for Kierkegaard is "a knowledgeable age without passion, where all know the way we ought to move, and how, but no one moves . . . , where men want the established order to continue, but are reflectively certain that it no longer exists."

For both existence is change, passage by sudden leaps to new levels of quality; it is kept moving by the tension of opposites.

But here all resemblance ceases. It is under Kierkegaard's sign of "Either-Or" that these men operate, and Marx is the Either to Kierkegaard's Or. Hegel, a false mother like the one in Solomon's judgment, had pretended that the inner was the outer and the outer the inner: that either half of this baby was as good as the whole. But Marx and Kierkegaard each demand all or nothing. And for Marx, of course, existence is the outer, the objective: the social process of economic production is the substantive reality which is finally decisive for everything else. No doubt Marx was not a Marxist—at least not to the extent of denying the very existence of a self and of individual consciousness. But it was not substantive; it was not to the point; it was a realm of reflections of the objective, and treacherous reflections, full of shadows and distortions and uncertain deceptions: something to escape, and from which there is no escape in terms of this inner life itself. The dispossessed, the masses, pressing on the future with all the weight of the changed economic system they will effect, hold the key to this and all other problems. Take up their cause and you will escape the illusions of subjectivity.

But for Kierkegaard existence *is* the inner, subjective consciousness. It is the masses which are a phantom—'a kind of gigantic something-or-other, made up, no doubt, of individuals, but at moments when they are nothing—an anonymous, irresponsible public consisting entirely of third parties—i.e., onlookers.'[1] Existence is passionate intensity of individual inner life, and all objectivity is a more or less elaborate distraction by which the task of existing is evaded. It is objectivism, naturalism, positivism, which we need to escape, and there is no objective way out of them. No doubt we should add that Kierkegaard is not a subjective idealist: he is quite sure there is an external world, but it is not to the point, indeed it leads fatally away from the point, which is to exist. Continuing, we should say that for Kierkegaard too it is the dispossessed, the "exception" who alone can deliver us from this alienation of the self in outwardness; not the social exception, that abstraction the "proletarian class," but the individual exception; *in no sense* the exceptionally endowed, gifted or able

[1]Single quotation marks are used throughout this exposition for passages which it was necessary to abbreviate or otherwise slightly recast.

individual (these are distinctions from the lowest or aesthetic level of existence) but the exception at the highest level, that of religious existence—namely, the individual dispossessed of himself or annihilated at the overpowering touch of God.

This background has been sketched to bring out Kierkegaard sharply. From Hegel by protest there issue these incongruous counterparts, as like as two gloves and as impossible to interchange; for one the hope of the world lies in "scientific" socialism, in a transformed objective system alone; for the other it lies decisively in the revolutionary inner transformation by which men *become* individual persons. Marx's immediate prescription: to expropriate the expropriator could even be transposed to good effect in Kierkegaard's existential terms. Only, the expropriator, like any other substantive reality, is not an abstraction, a class, but always *this* individual. And expropriation, the uprooting of human possessive egotism, would need something far more radical than shifting the control of production from one set of hands to another—a process which to Kierkegaard would transform existence about as effectively as a child's game of button, button, who's got the button?

The key to Kierkegaard, then, is the thesis of his *Unscientific Postscript* of 1846: Subjectivity is truth. It is rather like the key to the box of manuscript he pretended to be editing in *Life's Stages:* the box, he said, had been fished up from the bottom of a lake; it was locked; the key was found inside.

That subjectivity should be truth is of course crazy. Everyone knows that objectivity is truth, and the subjective precisely the false. This key may not turn, but at least it fits; at least it reveals instantly the extent to which scientific objectivism dominates our whole outlook. This thesis will not be accepted by you and me; for it challenges our most deeply-rooted habit of thought. In fact it is doubtful whether we can sensibly make the effort to understand a truth which depends, not on understanding, but on having achieved a certain level of personal existence. "Existence in what has been understood cannot be directly communicated to any living spirit—not even by God, much less by one of us." However, we must attempt to converge toward this central point from many directions at once, remembering, if the introduction seems unduly long, that Kierkegaard, 'considering that it would be impossible for him to make anything easier than it had already been made, conceived it as his task, out of love for mankind, to create difficulties

everywhere.' "I have," he says, "set forth the whole compass of existence with such dialectical clarity, and so originally, as has not, so far as I know, been achieved in any other literature. Nor have I had books upon which I could rely for help."

There are three and only three ways in which a subject can exist: aesthetically, ethically, and religiously. Each form lies on a different dimension, each transcends and is fuller than the one before. Passage to fuller, more adequate existence is what the statement, "Subjectivity is truth," really intends; for only he who has become a subject in truth, a subject in the truth, is ultimately in possession of truth.

How does scientific objectivism measure on this scale? "No one," says Kierkegaard, "especially no one who admires the Greeks, can deny the value of speculation without being stupid." It is not that objectivity is false, but that it is irrelevant. Perhaps there is a sceptical note in Kierkegaard's description of this outward search as the "approximation-process," but it is not excessive. The claims which the sciences themselves make are not pitched too high; we all know that physics and astronomy, like history, will always have to be rewritten in each age. Even the historian, I imagine, could not quarrel with Kierkegaard's contention that he deals in possibilities: possible realities, if you prefer but these are still not existences. "The victory of pure thought, that in it being and thought are one," he says, "is something both to laugh at and to weep over, since in the realm of pure thought it is not even possible to distinguish them: a valid thought is a possibility: why confuse it with the real?" The very nature of objective thought is to abstract and generalize: knowledge is of universals, possibles, possible realities; never of the unique existing individual *as* individual. "Only in immediate, instantaneous sensation," he says, "where there is no becoming and change, is all doubt excluded. The moment you become aware of the star's light as coming into being and having a history, the star is involved in doubt, it becomes a possibility"—it may no longer be there. It is "as if reflective thought took the star away from the senses."

If Kierkegaard is not a sceptic in regard to the objective order, it is because scepticism is not really in possession of that "developed sense of the negative" to which it pretends. It is a disguised positivism whose aim is 'to confine us to the indubitable, that is, the instantaneously given in sense.' But, as the example of the star

shows, this can be achieved only at the expense of history, by ignoring change and becoming. To cope with historical process we need, not doubt, but the "opposite passion," belief. This is characterized as "a developed sense for becoming," and by the same token, for the negative which is always present with change: "to be aware of its presence continuously is the only safeguard against it." But, finally, like any other passion, belief is subjective: an affair of *how* things are appropriated, not a question of *what* things are approximated to in objective search.

The point, which is the unfitness of objective reflection to throw light on the subject's own existence as a subject, may be reinforced by looking at speculative philosophy. Certainly, if thinking is carried on in this rarefied medium of possible reality, Hegel is quite right: the "Either-Or" of contradiction is nullified; contradiction becomes like Antaeus, who lost his strength whenever he was lifted off the earth. "It is passion," writes Kierkegaard very penetratingly "that gives tension to contradictories. Take it away [in dispassionate objective thought] and contradiction becomes a pleasantry, a witty remark, something easy to think"—at the limit, a kind of pun. But when Hegel pretends to return from the possible and ideal to the actual with his "Both-And," 'he is not nullifying contradiction, but abrogating existence' along with the forced choices and decisions that constitute it. To guide your life by Hegel's philosophy would be about as sensible as to try to travel the roads of Denmark with the aid of a map of the world torn from a school geography.

We should then attempt to invert the unusual estimate of things whereby existing is taken as a matter of course—don't we all exist? —and thinking is supposed to be an accomplishment. For instance "it is more difficult to describe one actor than to write an entire philosophy of art; and more difficult to describe one performance than the actor. The more limited the material, the more difficult is the task; and the more general it is, the easier. Philosophers puff themselves up with the fantastic notion that generalization is what is hard."

And now to come to the point from a different angle. Subjectivity is truth, not because the objective approximation-process is unsuccessful, but because of what it costs. The measure of its success with the outer world is precisely the measure to which the scientist succeeds in eliminating himself, everything personal and

subjective from his work. If stars and atoms and Xerxes could themselves tell us what they are like, that would be something else; but, as it is, the information has to come through and be communicated by an observer. Who is this subject who must make the communication and at the same time make every effort to eliminate himself from it?

He is an existing individual, but one pinned down, by the very nature of the effort he is making, to the aesthetic level of existence. This means that he is a mask, an assumed role, a mock-subject: this dramatic pose is in fact that of the *disinterested, dispassionate* observer with a bird's-eye view of things. But existence is passion; it is interest, action, involvement: none of us can step outside of our existence in this way, except as a piece of acting. But, then, a life which is one prolonged pose is a life which has never become actual.

Philosophy, remaining parasitic upon science, only makes this damage worse. No one in fact inhabits these imposing palatial philosophic systems; the philosophers who built them live hard by in wretched hovels. The alleged subjectivism of modern philosophy in particular is a laughing matter. Descartes, it is true, began by proving his own existence as a thinking subject, and this in itself was absurd since it implied that he could be a disinterested third party in respect to the question whether he existed or not; but from there he immediately plunged into the world of geometrical extension and scientific objects. In fact this self of Descartes *is* the price the modern world has had to pay for its success in the approximation-process: it is the world-historical, timeless spectator of all existence, the mock-subject, the self of nobody in particular.

And what about the ordinary man in an age when objectivity is truth? He too will be depersonalized, held down to an aesthetic pose. Deep concern, interest, passion, decision are the defining features of the subjective. But from the objective point of view, as Kierkegaard says, 'it is quite right that all these, and therefore the existence or non-existence of the subject, are completely indifferent.' Objectivity is the point of view from which the existence of the individual can be ignored. "This gives the individual's language a flavour of lunacy; men speak as if they weren't individuals, but in a haze of millions, nations, historical evolution." Subjectivity, as defined in the *Postscript*, is the point of view from

which the individual's existence matters enormously, and he has "an infinite interest in his own eternal happiness." This subjective truth is termed the appropriation-process, to contrast it with the other. Here everything turns on *how*, not *what:* how the appropriation is made, and how deeply. 'Even in aesthetics is it not clear that how a thing is expressed may be more decisive than what it is? What is in itself true may in the mouth of such and such a character become untrue.'

For any parallel to this teaching we should have to go back to the post-Socratic, and especially to the Stoic schools. When Zeno symbolized sensation by the open hand, assent by the hand half-closed, understanding by the closed fist, and truth by this fist further compressed by the other hand, he gave a vivid image of the appropriation-process, and of how truth is a function of the kind of person a man is; a madman is incapable of truth, even if what he asserts happens to be the case, as that it is daytime: and conversely the subject existing in the truth, the Stoic sage, is incapable of deceiving even when what he asserts happens not to be objectively the case.

The common man then in our day is 'taught to ignore the how of appropriation, taught to cheat by learning the results of approximation by rote and repeating them parrotwise, taught to pose as the disinterested or objective subject.' 'We say we are all subjects of a sort, and drop the matter there.' "But to be a subject of a sort is like being a lover of a sort; there went a pair, there goes another. On Sunday the banns were read for sixteen couples. In Storm street there is a pair of lovers who simply can't get on with one another at all." "Why," asks Kierkegaard, "do poets choose by preference lovers and heroes to write about? Might it not be that there is something quite special about being a subject," something yet open to all men if they will make the decision to be subjects? Men, while they hear the hollow phrase "the infinite worth of the individual" echoing from platform to platform, have been taught to *know* that their action, their love, their faith are perfectly trivial incidents in a world-historical process of evolution; and so, though all equally important, all equally capable of becoming persons, they are wasted by the million. "The reality of evolution," says Kierkegaard, "I do not deny, but it is something which should be left to God and eternity." 'From the point of view of existence there need be no such waste of individuals; for

no matter how many there are the task of becoming subjective (becoming a subject in truth) is given to each.'

The objective temper, then, cruelly misleads and confuses the ordinary man. "It is far better to possess a little with the endless responsibility of passion, in the framework of the infinite, than to know more and possess nothing because I have become a fantastic objective-subjective something or other."

So one final attempt to approach the starting point. That subjectivity is truth, we said, is crazy, pathological. So it may be, if remaining at the aesthetic stage, a man like Don Quixote takes his impersonation with passionate seriousness. Kierkegaard's point is that there is another pathological state marked, not by loss of contact with the outer world, but by loss[2] of the self: the insanity of prolonged and excessive extraversion. To be technical, where the first type retreats into a schizophrenic dream-world, the second running away from the disconcerting mysteries of the inner life, ends as the cyclothymic or manic-depressive for whom even the most disordered fancies are objective environmental facts so that, as Caudwell excellently says, "the ego of the extravert, forced out into darkness grins back at him from outside, though he does not recognize it." "A society which tried to live by science alone," this author continues, "would exhibit all the nerve-storms of the cyclothymic." That this was precisely what was going to happen, Kierkegaard clearly foresaw. Of course, again, you and I are so far from admitting anything of the kind, that we are quite sure that what the world needs is an extension of scientific method to psychology, sociology and politics. When objective techniques have put human material in our power as completely as inanimate matter now is, a better world cannot fail to materialize. Specifically we will not admit that the catastrophic nerve-storms of the present have anything to do with what Kierkegaard prophesied would produce them: a widespread de-humanization, a failure to approach human personality with the proper precautions or to respect its secrets: the prolonged deliberate profanation and violation of human individualities which the very idea of human beings as a material to be processed so evidently betrays.

[2]Such "loss" is, later in this paper, termed "alienation," and distinguished from "expropriation" of the self. It would be proper to say that the self here is mislaid, rather than disposed of.

II

So far we have been concerned with the introduction to Kierkegaard's thought. And it has necessarily been so protracted that the exposition of the three levels of existence will be defective—especially since they cannot be severed from Kierkegaard's life, which is so largely hidden.

He was trained for the Lutheran ministry, but never held any position in the church. That the clergy should support themselves, their wives and children by preaching dying to the world seemed to him at once comic, immoral and profoundly irreligious—in a word non-existential in respect of all three levels. "Christ preached with authority," he says, "and so does the parson, for he has prison and the police in reserve." And on his deathbed, refusing communion unless it could be given him by a layman, he said, "Parsons are the king's officials: the king's officials have nothing to do with Christianity." His relation to the clergy was that of Socrates to the sophists. "What Christendom needs," he said, "is a Socrates who could say with the same cunning simplicity, 'I don't understand the first thing about faith, but I believe'."

Like Socrates he was a *flâneur*, regularly spending much time on the streets. Copenhagen was his large reception room, where he conversed with all and sundry, and preferably simple and humble people; while late into the night he would work in his rooms, keeping several books going at once in an intensity of productiveness which would be hard to match. These works, published mostly at his own expense, and consistently ignored by the contemporary world, were consciously written for us: "God will stamp my work with the impress of providence," he says in his *Journal*, "after I am dead, and not before; that fact belongs to repentance, and to the greatness of the plan." He kept alive on the modest legacy left by his father; he decided what he would require to spend in a year, and divided the money into portions accordingly: when he died, he was spending the last of these sums, and there was just enough left to pay his funeral expenses.

Socrates' demon, when consulted, always told him: No. Doubtless this had something to do with his disturbing irony. "People talk of Socrates' negativity," says Kierkegaard, "as a polytheist might talk of the negativity of monotheism"; Socrates, however, "was in truth in the highest degree possible in paganism, by virtue

of his ignorance." "He forgot the world and discovered the self" and kept tiresomely repeating always "the same about the same," that each individual is his own centre, that individuals to be of use to one another must be kept devoutly apart. When Socrates' friends asked whether they could do anything for him after his death, you remember how he replied: "What I always say, nothing new; by taking care of yourselves you will oblige me and mine, whatever you do; but if you should neglect yourselves, even though you were to promise me much now, and earnestly, you will do no good at all." This negativity is Kierkegaard's too; to find it purely negative, perhaps one would have to be like the people he speaks of who, "having made a mess of everything, and having been every conceivable sort of thing, one day ask the clergyman concernedly whether in the beyond they will really be the same, though they have never in their lifetime been the same for fourteen days together. Immortality would indeed be extraordinary if it could bring such people into identity with themselves."

Kierkegaard's profound and ironical dialectic claims, if this is possible, to be both Christian and Socratic. It is based on the fact that from the highest level of existence, which is eternity, the sign of everything temporal has to be reversed; so that to make contact requires that you consciously withdraw; to teach requires awareness of ignorance; to help requires recognition of your helplessness; free action requires that in the given case there is no choice; and much more of the same sort. "Whenever you start in a spiritual situation you inevitably reach the opposite if you carry it out consistently."

Like Socrates, he found the attempt to sting or shock people individually out of their self-neglect was resented; his life of self-denial was interpreted as selfishness, pride and madness: "I found," he says, "what none will believe till he has experienced it, that love is hated." He did not have to drink the hemlock, but to suffer the sustained martyrdom of a campaign of public ridicule incurred by his published protest against the demoralization of the press. He was a comic character in more than one play of the time, and his life ended in the midst of the bitter attack he finally resolved to launch against the church for which, in his own way, he had lived his whole life.

The first, aesthetic, stage of existence is lived in the possible; for though it is passion, it is passion masquerading, dramatically

concealed. At the same time it is the stage of immediate, unreflective extraversion, whose categories are those of wish, imagination, sensuous enjoyment, the search for novelty and for the interesting. It may be taken as the stage of Kierkegaard's affair with Regina Olsen. She was a simple, natural, affectionate girl of seventeen: he, ten years older, terribly complex and melancholy. It is no use asking why he broke their engagement—the situation is depicted in his aesthetic works too often, always under a different mask, with a different explanation. But though the actual grounds are conjectural there is reason to think they were good; marriage with him would very probably have been a disaster for her.

With this break aesthetic existence ends in the highest point it can reach, which is despair (as the highest point of the next stage is repentance). "What is it to despair," he asks, "but to be double-minded, to have two wills?" The normal release would be marriage, "the ethical victory over concealment, aesthetic dreams and illusory passions." Marriage should be the liquidation of the two main aesthetic roles, that of Don Juan and that of Tristan—the seducer and the knight-errant. This was denied him.

The aesthetic cure is to exploit these roles: through poetry, research, political action, a professional career or what not, to procure absent-mindedness, postponing the despair whose root is "that a man can be for others what he is not for himself." This cure, he says, "consists in gazing dizzily into the aesthetic until the individual disappears from his own eyes like an atom, a mote which is simply part and parcel of man's lot in general." For him this is of course a dishonourable evasion of the task and pain of existence.

Kierkegaard is thus in a way catapulted directly into the religious sphere. But not without being ground to pieces in the dialectical cogwheels of ethics first. Granted that his grounds for breaking were good, it was the decent thing for him to do. But to give her this explanation that it was for her sake, would simply have attached her more closely to him. Her future happiness required that she "be held together by the thought that I behaved meanly to her." There was no ethical way out of this, other than to behave in fact meanly, deceitfully and dishonourably. Long after, when she was happily married to an earlier suitor Schlegel, he notes that he can never seek the reconciliation he still longs for: "The keystone of her marriage is that I was a kind of scoundrel." This situation explains how irony should be the form in which the

ethical appears in the aesthetic; it is, he says "inverted hypocrisy" —pretending to be worse than you are. Two cruel months of this despairing irony ended the affair; glimpses of their agony are given in the *Journals*: "Give in, let me go, I said, you can't stand it. She said passionately she could stand anything. . . . Are you never going to marry? she asked. Perhaps; in ten year's time when I have sowed my wild oats and need some young blood to rejuvenate me. . . . If you can convince me that you have deceived me, she said, I should be reconciled to everything."

It was the ethical, in fact, which was his undoing. Had he had a religious existence, and the faith that with God all things, even impossible things, are possible, he might have married her, as Job, as Abraham were rewarded for their faith. But think of Abraham: when God required that terrifying suspension of the ethical, that he should kill his own son as a sacrifice, what was in Abraham's heart as he set out? If he was sure that at the last moment God would provide a ram instead, he was not really willing to make the sacrifice; and if he was willing, what was in his heart but murder? No, religion is not something easy and reassuring, a force decorously "making for righteousness"; it is a realm of alarming paradoxes, explosively sustained in the maximum intensity of passion, in despite of reason: as that God was made man, and lived among men here on earth at a given moment of historical time. Of all this the ethical man is no more capable than a creature living in two dimensions of imagining a third dimension.

To reach religious existence requires suspension of the ethical as to attain the latter required suspension of the aesthetic. Here with the individual floating alone "over 70,000 fathoms at the outermost bounds of existence" in uncertainty and faith, in suffering and joy, the consummation of existence has been reached: subjectivity, driven to the limit, comes through to something external to it, the Divine before whose absolute otherness it is annihilated. Real self-duplication, or double reflection, as Kierkegaard calls this, is impossible without an outside agency; ethical reduplication was simply to be what you say, easy enough to understand, though very hard to achieve. Double reflection, the paradoxical, the absurd union of the eternal and the temporal, is impossible to understand or achieve by one's own effort, and to undergo it is like experiencing annihilation through the invasion of some vastly powerful consciousness; it is to gain eternal consciousness, im-

mortality. But there is really no point in trying to convey what this existence is: "The traveller who changes place but not himself can communicate the stages directly and relate the change: on the 14th we reached Canton. But in the realm of the spirit, change of place means to be changed oneself . . . and all direct assurances that one has arrived are comic."

And any attempt to remove the objective uncertainty of God, or immortality, is comic too. Arguments from the order of nature, from historical research into scripture, or experimental research into supernormal phenomena, all set out to make an absolute paradox "probable, increasingly probable, extremely and emphatically probable," whereby we are put in the position of "almost knowing, or as good as knowing, or extremely and emphatically almost knowing" what it becomes impossible any longer to *believe*. For "truth believed is an objective uncertainty held fast in an appropriation-process of the most passionate intensity and inwardness."

What Kierkegaard means by speaking of humour as the overlapping of the religious in the ethical may be illustrated here. Humour is a manifestation of repentance, as irony was of despair. It is the counterpart of irony, raising rather than reducing; for where irony starts with something serious and ends in laughter, humour starts with laughter and ends seriously. Thus in regard to Kant's proofs of the existence of God, Kierkegaard says that to attempt to prove the existence of one who is present is an affront, an attempt to make him ridiculous. As you show the existence of a great man by the deference you pay him, so God's existence is "proved by worship and not by proof." So he concludes, "Had Kant said, 'I only know my father told me it was so,' this would have been humourous and worth more than a bookful of proofs."

We cannot enter the dense intricacies of dialectical theology here. But a word must be said about the decisive religious category of repetition, which supplies the density and the difficulty: it replaces the Hegelian mediation; it is not something taking place on paper, but in action. To repeat the same (e.g. to thank God always, to be constant in penitence, to remember that one will die, to pray, to make every decision in God's sight)—"to repeat the same is to make changes under conditions that are made more difficult because of the previous effort." Here we see the abyss between the aesthetic and the religious life. For the former, seeking

to repeat the interesting, finds that repetition is impossible and that the interesting grows stale. So the search for novelty ends in despair. It takes courage to will repetition instead of novelty, but for him who is man enough to will it, it "turns out to open the possibility of a second becoming within the first." To take one instance of the difficulty set up by this "countercurrent of the infinite, of eternity flowing back into time": I must thank God always. For what?

> For what I perceive as good. But instead of shaping myself into his likeness, this is to make a fool of God. What I know is the finite, and I proceed to thank God for humouring my whim. . . . But the unlikeness between God and man is so absolute that I should begin with an apology. This thing seems to me so good that I must pray for forgiveness for giving thanks because I can't help it. Thus this simple thing, to give thanks always becomes a most laborious task, enough to take up my whole life.

Again the uncertainty of life introduces "an elusive rift into existence which is enough to bring the [aesthetic] man to despair. 'You can count on me quite definitely,' said the invited guest" just before the tile fell from the roof and killed him. The positive man, who knows positively that he will die, and thinks of this perhaps once a year, does not know it at all. He knows "that the tragic hero dies in the fifth act and that death here has an infinite significance in pathos, but that when a bartender dies death doesn't have this significance"; he really cannot regard it as something he has understood. Unless he is a religious man, aware of this uncertainty all the time, his "positive confidence in life is merely childish." But "to exist in the dialectic of the infinite in daily life, to exist in the presence of God who is present as soon as uncertainty is thought infinitely, is the highest strain."

These are milder samples of Kierkegaard's reforming action within Christendom. This action, which he undoubtedly regarded as the providential import of his whole existence, was a truly devastating attack on the well-meaning, right-thinking Christianity which is "really a subtle form of paganism and worldliness," a sanctimonious gloss concealing the secular, an accommodation, in Hegel's style, whereby the state becomes the kingdom of God. "When Christianity first appeared, and most clearly, it was accused of being dangerous to the state, unpatriotic, revolutionary; now it has become patriotism and the established church." In this spirit the Gospel commands, love God with all your heart, and your

neighbour as yourself, forgive your enemies, etc., are regarded as having been made purposely a little too severe, as one sets the alarm-clock half an hour early to be sure of getting up in time. "To one who seriously proposed to sacrifice his life for the truth, what would the parson say? 'Merciful heavens! How did such an idea come into your head? Travel, divert yourself, take a laxative!' "

The whole question is whether Christianity is an invention of man, of the race, or from God. Tacitly conceived in the first sense, as in contemporary Christendom, it becomes a dangerous superstition, an affair of poetic consolations and sentimental love, in which God is "a kind of mermaid." In the second and true interpretation, it is not "a new way of escape of which poetry did not happen to think, but a terrible difficulty which creates men in the same sense that war creates heroes." People must understand that "to love God and to be loved by him is to suffer." "According to the New Testament, Christianity is the deepest wound which can be inflicted on a man: we are now taught that it signifies nothing at all," that a man is born a Christian as he is born a Dane. "My task is so new," says Kierkegaard, "that in eighteen centuries of Christianity I can find no one to ask how to carry it on. The exceptions so far have acted to spread Christianity: my task is to arrest this expansion." And on his death-bed, asked if he wanted anything in his works altered, he could only reply, "They don't correspond with reality: it is more severe."

It would be absurd to try to treat Kierkegaard as a political thinker; he is something else, a kind of prophet. But at this time we cannot escape the question, what does all this mean for men's life in common? The first impulse is to reply, Nothing at all; this is an unrelieved form of transcendental individualism: Kierkegaard believes in God and not in politics, decisively rejects the collective categories of mass, class and party in favour of the individual, and his solution, for the individual to make his peace with God, is radically non-social, if not, as some would claim, secretly anti-social. But, then, supposing all this were an attempt to get first things into first position?

Listen to the ironic passage with which the *Stages of Life* concludes:

> He [the author] would delude everyone into the belief that the individual has infinite importance, and that this is the significance of life. Don't listen to

him, for he wishes, without evil intention, to seduce you in a period of ferment to accept the undivided legacy of Quietism, with the idle notion that everyone should look after himself. He would induce you to shirk the great tasks which require united strength and provide abundant reward for all. He lacks objectivity and positivity. His existence is sheer optical illusion and his speech as powerless and impotent as that of a ghost. Let him go for what he is, a deceiver, a pure negation, not capable of making a single proposal for the great task of the moment.

The claim to have something of major importance to say, hardly concealed by the irony here, cannot be lightly dismissed. No doubt there is no point in asking what religious existence is good *for;* it is simply the consummation of existence; in Kierkegaard's own words, "it does not make a showing . . . ; it is the last sphere of inwardness, in a holy sense received into itself." But no doubt, too, as the final adequate transformation of existence, it would transform everything else. We may note in conclusion three points at which it would have a more or less direct bearing on human life in its collective aspect.

(1) Contrary to the impression that this is a defence of some sort of transcendental egotism, its aim is to defend real self-denial, the kind of thing which makes love of one's neighbour possible. "The man who still clings to life cannot love his neighbour, for his neighbour does not yet exist for him." "The wisdom of our age," Kierkegaard adds in the passage which seems to reveal his position most clearly, "is to strip off subjectivity, and become more and more objective: this means, quite rightly, to dispose of those accidental and eccentric features of which every human being can have enough. But the trouble is the age teaches that the way is to become objective"—we have seen how this loss of self is delusive, how under the aesthetic mask of the dispassionate, disinterested observer, the self flourishes—"whereas Christianity teaches that the way is to become a subject in truth." This is the true expropriation; the other is merely alienation. And it requires passion intensified to its highest pitch, which is not objectivity. "I am accused," he says, "of leading young men to rest content with their own subjectivity. But under the guise of objectivity people have wished to sacrifice individuals completely: that is the point."

The point is that to love one's neighbour, to help him decisively, is to put him into the position of having to make a forced choice on the question, to be or not to be. Since this will be *his* choice, it is not very much you can do. With Regina, he 'had longed

desperately to be everything to her until in pain he learned that the best he could do for her was to be nothing to her.' "Men who have no such experience of self-denial," he says, "will call it self-love." He was well aware of the multiple misconstructions men put on abnegation because they hate it; also of its disconcerting power. "If I take Christianity as a doctrine and depict it imaginatively, people are pleased: I am a serious Christian. But if I express existentially what I say, it is as though I had exploded existence: there is scandal at once." And this same pattern of self-denial runs through all his action, on Copenhagen, on the church, right down to his action on us, which is disconcerting just because his aim is, as he openly says, "to be in the greatest degree unreliable in the eyes of men, so as to put them into the position where they have to make the truth their own."

(2) This effective self-denial behind apparent self-assertion begins to give collective, even political consequences, the moment we speak of its power. The greatest good which can be done to any being is to make it free, an act which requires far greater power than to dominate it. No man in fact can quite do this for any other; for the one who has the power "is imprisoned by it, and has a false relation to the other: he is unable to take the power back while giving the freedom." To make free really requires omnipotence; only religious existence can safeguard us from the illusion of "supposing that power is greater in the measure in which it can compel and make people dependent." Only those who live 'in the truth' can be expected to preserve the truth that the real art of using power is to set free.

Or take equality: "No politics . . . can ever think through and realize in its last consequences the thought of human equality." It is the complete irrelevance of all distinctions between men when they are brought into relation with God, which is the ground of this idea; without religion it is bound to be lost. How precisely commensurable religious existence is, for instance, for the great and the abject; equally proportioned in difficulty for the cleverest and the simplest-minded individual. "God doesn't say to the widow, 'Nay, mother, keep your mite'; the good is too good to make any distinctions."

(3) Finally, as regards the masses, the point is not any secret leaning toward dictatorship and reactionary government. The untruth of the crowd "is not in regard to worldly matters," where

he admits it may have even decisive competence. It is, as he cannot forget, that in the most critical of all existential turning points in history, the voice of the people, far from being the voice of God, cried "Crucify him!" Misled by their leaders; yes, but that is the trouble; tyrant and masses are two sides of a coin, as the exception and individuals are of another coin. The reign of the tyrant ends the moment he dies; that of the exception, the martyr, begins at the moment of death. The tyrant is the one who makes men into masses, egotistically and inhumanly, by gathering them around himself. When it comes the turn of the masses to liberate the world from tyranny the same vicious circle is entering on another round. Only the exception can free us from it, for by his suffering he makes the masses individuals again.

The point is that "the more the collective dominates consciousness the more forbidding it becomes to exist as an individual, the more inviting . . . to lose oneself in the race, the masses, we, the age, the nineteenth century, etc." "Each age has its own depravity: ours is not sensuality or self-indulgence, but a dissolute contempt for the individual man." "Certainly," he concludes,

> "there will be a reformation, and it will be a frightful reformation. . . . It will be recognizable by the fact that millions fall away from Christianity, for Christianity no longer really exists, and it is terrible, when a generation molly-coddled by a childish Christianity has to receive the death-blow of learning once again what it means to be a Christian."

Meagre gleanings, you may say. Perhaps, I am not sure. It may be that behind the present baffling combination of hopeful blue-prints and heart-breaking destruction there lies an issue as simple in fact as the "Either-Or" presented by Kierkegaard.

Either the individual, being made in the image of God, is infinitely superior to the race, which is not, and we must love individual men in Him.

Or we must deify the race, the state, the party or some other collective category, to the destruction of individuals.

For such is the forced choice he discerns: it is to be understood, not as a piece of pious phrase-making, but with each word carefully weighed in deadly earnest.

MALICE RECONCILED; A NOTE ON MELVILLE'S *BILLY BUDD*

CHARLES WEIR, JR.

> Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil,
> Its lashings charmed and malice reconciled,
> Frosted eyes there were that lifted altars;
> And silent answers crept across the stars.
>
> Hart Crane, "At Melville's Tomb."

THE attitude of the critic toward the later work of Herman Melville has, during the past twenty years, undergone a happy change. There were always those, to be sure, who were fascinated by the perplexities of *Pierre* or *The Confidence Man;* but today it is not merely the attraction of esotericism which predisposes the general reader or the scholar to accept those books which follow *Moby-Dick*, if not as a perfecting and strengthening of Melville's craft, at least as an organic development of it. It is true that Melville's poetry remains almost unread and unappreciated, but the later prose has been at least tacitly accepted, and no one today would maintain, as did an earlier generation, that it is the work of an unbalanced mind. But though the legend of Melville's insanity has been pretty thoroughly exploded, in the main, it is still in terms of *Moby-Dick* and the volumes preceding it that Melville is discussed and evaluated. In part, the reasons for this placing of emphasis are not hard to understand. The passion for Freudian interpretation which sent the biographers of the twenties digging into *Pierre* has waned; and the even more ambiguous and difficult *Confidence Man* seems to offer the critic a challenge that few have been bold enough to accept. At the same time, Melville has in general attracted only romantic natures, who inevitably find in the somewhat confused brilliance of *Moby-Dick* the greatest expression of his genius. It is by no means atypical that one of the most promising students of Melville in the last decade wound up by deserting him for Dostoevsky. The exceptions to these generalizations have been rare; it is not so much that they have spoken unheard as that they have hardly spoken. Dr. Yvor Winters, for example, who seems to me to have written as profoundly of Melville as any other critic with whose work I am acquainted, though

perfectly aware of the importance of such a book as *Billy Budd*, is tantalizingly laconic in his discussion of it.

Actually, *Billy Budd* is well worth discussing. A final word after long silence, no matter what that word may be, assumes an oracular character. *Billy Budd*, however, is a culmination in more than a chronological sense: simple as it seems in essence and almost artless in form, as compared with the bravura quality of *Moby-Dick*, it completes the pattern of Melville's work, a pattern which is not to be understood without it.

The details of its composition, between 1888 and 1891, its discovery, and its publication in 1924 need not concern us here. Though generally spoken of as a novel, it is by far the shortest of Melville's major works. The reader's first impression is that of a synopsis or rough draft: the action is simple and rapid, and the characterization and description are accomplished with a restraint and a bareness that surprises and generally disappoints anyone fresh from the luxuriance of *Moby-Dick*. Stripped to its bare bones, the tale has the quality of a parable, which indeed it is. It has also, and this has not been so often remarked, the quality of a tragic action in the classic sense. Billy Budd, a simple, unsuspicious sailor, having been impressed to serve on board the British man-of-war *Indomitable* during the Napoleonic Wars, incurs the hatred of Claggart, the ship's master-at-arms. Claggart's agents attempt to implicate Billy in a conspiracy to mutiny, and when his natural innocence enables him temporarily to avoid the trap, Claggart falsely accuses him of sedition. The charge is a particularly serious one: Vere, the captain, is expecting to be engaged in battle at any moment, and the memories of the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore are still fresh. Confronted with his accuser in Vere's cabin, Billy is unable to find words to defend himself (he suffers from a speech defect—the one blemish in an otherwise perfect physical being) and instinctively fells Claggart with a blow—a blow which kills him. Vere is convinced of Billy's innocence in the matter of mutiny; but by law the death of Claggart must be paid for, and in a drumhead court-martial he sentences Billy to death. Almost immediately the execution is performed, at the yardarm, Vere fully aware of the tragically ironic complexities of the situation, and Billy, though without Vere's insight, accepting his fate as just. The sailors too accept the event, though they do not understand it; yet at the same time they recognize almost unconsciously that in some

obscure sense Billy is a sacrificial victim. Later, the newspapers represent Billy as a desperate villain, but the common seamen make him an almost mythical hero.

Even such a cursory epitome indicates the possibility of complexity, and when the characteristics of Melville's mind and work are taken into consideration, the possibility becomes a certainty. The symbolic method which Melville had used with increasing predilection ever since the period of *Mardi* is obviously here at work, as is also Melville's preoccupation with the problem of sin, the difficulty of distinguishing good from evil, the arbitrary character of earthly justice—in brief, the moral nature of the Deity and his creatures. A closer inspection of *Billy Budd* reveals further that, in contrast to his earlier attempts, Melville has here succeeded in formulating a solution to the problem which is both morally and artistically satisfactory.

The purely physical action of the story is clear enough, and about its significant details there is never any doubt. To be sure, the ramifications of Claggart's plot to entrap Billy are hidden from the reader, but he realizes that there is a plot, which is all that is necessary. It is, therefore, with some consideration of the characters of the three principal actors that any analysis must begin.

II

Melville's delineation of Vere, though rapid, is for his purposes thorough. The two chief characteristics of the captain are intelligence and a sense of duty. Meditative, fond of philosophy and history, he is a man respected, if not understood or loved, by his fellow officers. Essentially he represents the active, speculative intellect, controlled by a deep-rooted instinct of responsibility to a law that transcends the individual. " 'With mankind,' he would say, 'forms, measured forms, are everything . . .'." If a philosophical label for him is desired, that of a Christian Stoic will do very well. He is, it should be noted, the only major character in all Melville's work who is felt to be completely capable of coping with his environment.

Billy himself, in his capacity for accepting life, is related to Vere, with the important difference, however, that in him the intellectual quality of Vere is completely lacking. Billy, Melville tells us, is the "Handsome Sailor" of legend—the perfect physical

man, the highest type of human animal. But he is also, the reader realizes, Rousseau's noble savage, and, one might add, Adam before the Fall. Completely without a knowledge of Evil, he is completely trusting. He is "one to whom not as yet had been proffered the questionable apple of knowledge." He accepts the world as it is, since it cannot occur to him to doubt that it is good or to imagine that it could be otherwise. He cannot believe that Claggart, who treats him so kindly, is actually his enemy: for him a man who smiles cannot be a villain. The concept of duplicity is beyond him; the possibility of ambiguity in any sphere he cannot even mentally formulate. It is not alone his defect in speech that keeps him from defending himself against Claggart's accusations; intellectually he is quite incapable of conducting such a defence, or even of realizing that such a defence could be conducted. His only possible reaction to all danger, including calumny, is action on his own plane—the physical. Against a lie, he has as weapon only a blow. His isolation from the average man is emphasized by his sudden appearance on board the *Indomitable*, as though dropped from heaven, and heightened by the fact that he is totally ignorant of his birthplace or parents. When, how, or why he came into being, he does not know, and he questions his genesis no more than he does his fate. He is the perfect symbol of trusting innocence "dropped into a world not without some man-traps and against whose subtleties simple courage lacking experience and address and without any touch of defensive ugliness, is of little avail; and where such innocence as man is capable of does yet, in a moral emergency, not always sharpen the faculties or enlighten the will."

Billy and Vere are characters easily grasped. Not so Claggart. "This portrait I essay, but shall never hit it," Melville wrote, and so far as many readers are concerned, with justice. Claggart's antecedents, like Billy's, are covered with mystery, but of a darker sort. There is about him an atmosphere both of distinguished birth and of a criminal past. He is handsome in a saturnine way, self-controlled—but not without effort, as Vere is—and intelligent: of all those on board, only he and Vere are capable of recognizing Billy's nature as the rare phenomenon it is. All critics have seen that in some manner he represents Evil, but not all have agreed as to what that manner is. The problem has been unduly confused by the obvious marks of homosexuality with which Melville has endowed him. Actually, that characteristic is not fundamental

and will of itself not explain, as has been suggested, his aversion to Billy. We are not to suppose him plotting revenge for a disappointment in love; though Billy would surely have rejected his advances, actually there were none. He is a man endowed with "a depravity according to nature," Melville wrote: and in that capacity his hatred of Billy is, under any conditions, natural and absolute.*

No one has ever doubted that in writing *Billy Budd* Melville had a deeper intent than that of simply telling a story. Esoteric interpretations of the tale have been plentiful. The purity of Billy has seized the imagination of some readers, and this combined with the idea of him as a victim—a lamb led to the slaughter—has suggested to them an analogy with Christ. Hints at such an interpretation can be gathered from the text: fragments of the yardarm at which Billy is hanged are treasured by the sailors like bits of the True Cross, a mystic Father-Son relationship can be imagined between Billy and Vere, and a phrase from the description of Billy's execution can be twisted into a reference to the Ascension. That Melville intended such touches deliberately is, of course, possible; but a little reflection makes it evident that such a parallel in no way serves to illuminate the story. The innocence of Billy is by no means the innocence of Christ, and he neither voluntarily seeks his death nor directly serves any purpose by it. Actually, in none of Melville's novels—nor, it would seem, in his thought—does the idea of a redeemer play any part. Charles Olson has remarked that Christ is absent from *Moby-Dick;* he is equally absent from *Billy Budd*. The Supreme Power of Melville, if not always the Deity of the Old Testament, resembles him in his inaccessibility to man. Before his judgments man stands, accepting or revolting, but essentially helpless, without a mediator. Indeed, a closer parallel to the tragedy of Billy can be found, as Melville himself points out, in the story of Abraham and Isaac.

Billy Budd will most easily give up its secrets when considered in relation to Melville's earlier work. Beginning with *Mardi*, all Melville's major novels—*Moby-Dick*, *Pierre*, and *The Confidence Man*—concern themselves primarily with what Winters has called

*I do not mean to say that Claggart's homosexuality should, on a naturalistic level, be overlooked. To whatever degree it may serve to give the story reality it is important. I do, however, suggest that it has only the importance of any other detail designed to add to the realism of the narrative and that on the philosophic level it is not of importance.

the problem of "moral navigation." The century-old antitheses of heavenly justice and earthly fallibility, sin and innocence, Heaven and Hell, God and the Devil dominate Melville's mind. Christian perfection or worldly-wise prudence, free-will or predestination, in which should a man place his belief? How can the concept of a just, all-perfect, all-powerful God be reconciled with the harsh reality of sin and suffering in his creation? How can the doctrine of the Church be reconciled with the reality of the world? These questionings, confused and unmethodical, pervade Melville's work. Taji, in *Mardi*, pushes on into the unknown—and perhaps unknowable—determined to wrest the secret of the creation from the creator or perish in the attempt. Captain Ahab takes on his shoulders the grievances of all suffering mankind and pursues around the terrestrial globe the Whale—his symbol of "intangible malignity," of "all that most maddens and torments; all that stirs up the lees of things; all truth with malice in it; all that cracks the sinews and cakes the brain; all the subtle demonisms of life and thought; all evil . . . ." He seeks revenge, but also knowledge: like Taji he is willing to give his existence to solve the riddle of that existence. In *Pierre* and *The Confidence Man* Melville's mood changed: he no longer seeks the explanation of the contradiction but exhibits it in all its terrifying brutality.

In *Billy Budd*, the eternal question is again asked—and now for the first time answered. All the earlier elements are here. Like Pierre, Billy is the innocent man, like Pierre he learns the doubleness of the world, the evil reality that lurks beneath the smiling surface, like Pierre he attempts to answer its threat by action: he strikes out against the evil and meets defeat. Trusting innocence, naïve faith unmoulded by experience, shipwrecks on reality.

Opposed to Billy is Claggart. In what does his evil consist? Partly at least in negation—denial, hate, contempt, "pale ire, envy and despair." Claggart is in some measure Ahab, a man possessing "the high perception" and hence denied "the low enjoying power." Like Ahab, he is "damned, most subtly and most malignantly! damned in the midst of Paradise." But Claggart is an Ahab who spiritually has never put to sea, who accepts the malignant spirit, lacking the firmness of purpose to track it to its utmost hiding place. It is his conviction of the hidden rot underlying the creation that inspires his hatred of Billy. It is mysterious, Melville admits: "For what can more partake of the mysterious than an antipathy

spontaneous and profound such as is evoked in certain exceptional mortals by the mere aspect of some other mortal, however harmless he may be?—if not called forth by that very harmlessness itself." But for all its strangeness, it is none the less real. Claggart envies and execrates the pure spirit of Billy, that spirit which he instinctively knows "had in its simplicity never willed malice or experienced the reactionary bite of [the] serpent." And so that innocence must be degraded and broken: "With no power to annul the elemental evil in himself, though readily enough he could hide it; apprehending the good, but powerless to be it; a nature like Claggart's, surcharged with energy as such natures almost invariably are, what recourse is left to it but to recoil upon itself and like the scorpion for which the Creator alone is responsible, act out to the end the part allotted it." That Billy should pass, trusting and unscathed, through an evil world is a torment that Claggart cannot bear, a direct offence to him and his whole conception of man's life. In this bitterness, Claggart is Melville too, the Melville who wrote *The Confidence Man* and *Pierre*, the Melville who took a bitter delight in torturing his creation Pierre, in entwining him with a web of plots and ironic coincidences and leaving him physically and morally broken on a prison floor.

In *Billy Budd*, the tragedy of Pierre is repeated; but there is a final act, and another figure—that of Vere, Melville's final synthesis. He is distinct from Billy and above him by virtue of a superior mind; in particular, by virtue of a superior understanding of the world. Billy is without experience; Vere is amply provided with it, from books and from life. Claggart too resembles Vere in this, but with the all-important distinction that for him experience has been a bitter draught. Experience is the touchstone here, and in this *Billy Budd* significantly resembles Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*, in which the difference between the naïve, almost stupid goodness of Hilda and the deeper, tested virtue of Miriam, though never adequately formulated, provides Hawthorne with his richest theme. Earlier in Melville there have been similar hints, hints which never reach profundity because of Melville's almost pathological desire to cling to the ideal of unstained innocence. But now Melville has reached a decision. Goodness and innocence are not of necessity inseparable: "Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven," Christ said, speaking of the little children, but their merit does not consist primarily in their ignorance of evil. The Ahabs are wrong in the

conclusions which they draw from their experience of this world; the existence of evil need not call into question the existence of good. The Claggarts are even more wrong in their unhappy acceptance of that evil. In Melville's work, Vere stands alone as the complete moral man: aware of the spiritual dangers that beset humanity, pained by the occasional victories of the malign spirit, yet sustained by the conviction that man's salvation lies in following what measure of light is given to him, in upholding the law as he has received it. "Our vowed responsibility is in this: That however pitilessly that law may operate, we nevertheless adhere to it and administer it."

III

Essentially, of course, Vere's acceptance, like Billy's, must be a matter of faith. In *Mardi*, Taji, the questing spirit of man, had rejected the security of a simple faith and had pushed on into the void. But now Melville's period of reasoning, of wandering to and fro over the deserts of the mind, has passed. It is not by a process of intellection that he brings the reader to his final conclusion, for no more than Vere can the reader attain it through demonstration. It is thus that in the pages of *Billy Budd* Melville's symbolic art reaches its highest peak. The genius for shaping the material world into an effective counterpart of the spiritual he had already amply shown. In a magnificent chapter of *Moby-Dick*, Ahab, wavering between the powers of good and evil, of light and darkness, meditates upon the dying whale which turns in agony towards the sun, and turns in vain; and the spectacle conveys to him

> a wonderousness unknown before. "He turns and turns him to it,—how slowly, but how steadfastly, his homage-rendering and invoking brow, with his last dying motions. . . . Look! here, far water-locked; . . . here, too, life dies sunwards full of faith; but see! no sooner dead, than death whirls round the corpse, and it heads some other way. . . . Nor has this . . . whale sunwards turned his dying head, and then gone round again, without a lesson to me. . . . In vain, oh whale, dost thou seek intercedings with yon all-quickening sun, that only calls forth life, but gives it not again. Yet dost thou, darker half, rock me with a prouder, if a darker faith."

It is by the same method that in *Billy Budd* Melville makes his climactic assertion of eternal justice.

The symbolism is drawn from two sources: external nature and the subtly glorified discipline of a man of war. With remarkable care and precision the touches are added one by one, the last

coming in a sentence which in its fusion of form and content represents Melville's peak of achievement.

The process begins quietly, with a view of Billy lying in irons on the *Indomitable's* gun deck, awaiting execution. The deck is in semi-darkness; the guns, carriages, hempen breechings are a funereal black, but in the midst of them glimmers the whiteness of Billy's garments—like a shroud. The pale moonshine struggling to reach him is polluted by the "dirty yellow light" of the swinging lanterns. But slowly dawn comes, and with it the ship rouses into action. "A meek shy light appeared in the East, where stretched a diaphanous fleece of white furrowed vapour. That light slowly waxed. Suddenly *one bell* was struck aft, responded to by one louder metallic stroke from forward. It was four o'clock in the morning. Instantly the silver whistles were heard summoning all hands to witness punishment." The execution proceeds, marked by a fated dignity. "God bless Captain Vere," Billy exclaims "at the penultimate moment"; and the benediction is strangely echoed by the entranced witnesses.

> At the pronounced words and the spontaneous echo that voluminously rebounded them, Captain Vere, either through stoic self-control or a sort of momentary paralysis induced by emotional shock, stood erectly rigid as a musket in the ship-armour's rack.
>
> The hull, deliberately recovering from the periodic roll to leeward, was just regaining an even keel—when the last signal, the preconcerted dumb one, was given. At the same moment it chanced that the vapoury fleece hanging low in the East, was shot through with a soft glory as of the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision; and simultaneously therewith, watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces, Billy ascended; and ascending, took the full rose of the dawn.
>
> In the pinioned figure, arrived at the yard-end, to the wonder of all no motion was apparent save that created by the slow roll of the hull, in moderate weather so majestic in a great ship heavy-cannoned.

Melville's first *tour de force* has been accomplished. The terrible danger of falling into bathos implicit in such a scene has been overcome by his grasp of reality. By itself, "the full rose of the dawn" would be impossible, but when it is tempered by the quiet, precise detail—"the slow roll of the hull, in moderate weather so majestic in a great ship heavy-cannoned"—the effect is overwhelming. And Melville continues. "The silence at the moment of execution, and for a moment or two continuing thereafter (but emphasized by the regular wash of the sea against the hull, or the flutter of a sail

caused by the helmsman's eyes being tempted astray), this emphasized silence was gradually disturbed by a sound . . . ." The sound is the angry murmuring of the crew, momentarily released from the dignity of the moment, questioning the justice of the proceedings. And now Order asserts itself: "Shrill as the shriek of the seahawk the whistles of the Boatswain and his Mates pierced that ominous low sound, dissipating it"; and doubt yields to "the mechanism of discipline." The body is prepared for burial, and, with the crew drawn up a second time, burial takes place. Again nature serves symbolically, and again the symbolism is made to seem natural by precise detail.

> But when the tilted plank let slide its freight into the sea, a second strange human murmur was heard—blended now with another so inarticulate sound proceeding from certain larger sea-fowl, whose attention having been attracted by the peculiar commotion in the water resulting from the heavy sloped dive of the shotted hammock into the sea, flew screaming to the spot. So near the hull did they come, that the stridor or bony creak of their gaunt double-jointed pinions was audible. As the ship under light airs passed on, leaving the burial spot astern, they still kept circling it low down with the moving shadow of their outstretched wings and the cracked requiem of their cries.

The crew murmurs, and again, with drum-beat to quarters, discipline—"forms, measured forms"—is exalted. The daily inspection takes place, the chaplain performs the customary morning service, and as the drums beat retreat, "toned by music and religious rites subserving the discipline and purpose of war, the men in their wonted, orderly manner dispersed to the places allotted them when not at the guns." Now is the climactic moment: even as Billy has been glorified by the rosy dawn, so Vere and the ship, in which the law has been accomplished and the rites observed, are glorified and approved by the risen sun: "And now it was full day. The fleece of low-hanging vapour had vanished, licked up by the sun that late had so glorified it. And the circumambient air in the clearness of its serenity was like smooth white marble in the polished block not yet removed from the marble-dealer's yard."

The paradox has been established: injustice may find its place within the pattern of a larger, all-embracing divine righteousness.

TRENDS IN AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

A Canadian needs to live for a while in the United States before the full meaning of the Declaration of Independence dawns upon him. It is with somewhat of a shock that he discovers how deep-seated is American nationalism and how widely it differs from the colonialism amidst which he has grown up in Canada. He listens to Americans talking amongst themselves about their national interests and policies, and he finds himself very often taking offence at their habit of treating Englishmen as foreigners. They assume as a matter of course that Britain is a great power with a particular body of interests of her own and that the United States is another power with distinct interests of her own. And a Canadian listening to them realizes that, however much of a Canadian nationalist he may have thought himself at home, he has never quite been able to regard Britain as an outsider in this detached impersonal way. Particular Americans may be violently anti-British, but the general American attitude towards Britain is one neither of animosity nor of affection. It is simply that of one independent people to another. What the Canadian misses is the filial piety which is so much a part of his own attitude that he had not been quite aware of it until he lived amongst neighbours.

It took us in Canada one hundred years to write our Canadian declaration of independence—from Lord Durham's Report to the Statute of Westminster. And, because of this fact, independence has not had the same effect upon our national consciousness as it has had upon the consciousness of the Americans. A critic might say that we achieved our independence in a long fit of absence of mind. We still look out on the world through British spectacles. We are independent of but not separate from Great Britain. The Americans are both independent and separate.

This difference makes for a persistent misunderstanding in Canada of the American attitude towards the world at large. We are fond of picturing our great neighbour as going through a slow, awkward and painful transition from isolation to internationalism. Of course there is considerable truth in this picture. But we tend to misinterpret the nature of both the isolationism and the internationalism. For isolation with us was apt to mean a state of

colonial tranquillity in which Britain sheltered us from the hard impact of world forces; and international activity has meant our taking part in world affairs in association with Britain and under British leadership. American policy in all its phases, whether isolationist, interventionist, internationalist or imperialist, has never in our time been affected by this emotional attachment to another people. It has always been motivated by a simple whole-hearted devotion to American interests. It has always been nationalist and is likely to remain so.

Another discovery which a Canadian in the United States makes—though perhaps this is just saying the same thing over again: it all goes back to the Declaration of Independence—is the completely self-centred outlook of the Americans as a whole and their cheerful ignorance of the outer world. At first he is shocked by their ignorance of his own country, Canada, an ignorance which is accompanied by the most overwhelming good-will. He finds himself constantly reminding his hosts that good-will is not a satisfactory substitute for knowledge as a basis upon which to conduct Canadian-American relations in this new era when the destinies of the two countries have been so closely bound together. But he soon discovers that the Americans are blissfully unconscious not only of our Canadian problems but of the problems confronting all other peoples and of the points of view of other peoples on general world issues. This, in spite of the fact that their newspapers and periodicals supply them with the best news services available to any nation. They assume as a matter of course that their way of doing things is an accepted model for the world, and that the rest of the world will adjust itself to their demands without their needing to take much trouble to adjust themselves to the rest of the world.

If the Canadian has lived in Britain he will remember that this is exactly the impression that Englishmen at home also used to make on him. The citizens of a great state cannot help behaving with the egoism of the great. Nothing is so infrequent in this world as for the great and powerful to display an imaginative understanding of the views of lesser folk. No doubt the Russians are as self-centred as the Americans and the British. And no doubt, now that the Russians are to be our close neighbours as well as the Americans and the British, we in Canada shall duly make this

discovery about them. For it is characteristic of giants not merely to have a giant's strength but to use it like a giant.

* * *

Foreign policy is only the reflection of the balance of social forces within any national community. At present the Americans themselves are complaining that the foreign policy of their country is confused, that they cannot understand what their government is doing in Europe. A good many of them are giving expression to the suspicion that the astute Britishers and Russians, who know what they want, are certain to get it, while the Americans, who once again, as in the days of Woodrow Wilson, have invaded Europe with a set of abstract principles but with no concrete policies, are certain to be disappointed. The present moment, with a presidential election campaign already started, is the worst of all possible times to elicit any clear definition of their purposes from American leaders. Politicians will be cautious about committing themselves to anything in particular lest they offend some group of voters, and when they seem to take strong stands it will almost certainly be because they think they can thereby appeal to some domestic group rather than because they have made up their minds about some European or world issue.

Thus, when the American government offers its good services to mediate between Poland and the U.S.S.R., this is not to be attributed to any deep interest taken by the Department of State in the international boundary lines of Eastern Europe. The Poles about whom Washington is solicitous are not the Poles who live east of the Curzon Line but those who live west of the Statue of Liberty—in Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago and such places —and who all have votes to cast next November. So also, when both Houses of Congress show an urge to intervene on behalf of the Jews in the Palestine question, it needs to be remembered that there are a great many Jewish votes in an American election and that there are no Arab votes at all.

General elections also frequently bear little resemblance to that majestic process of consulting the people and getting a mandate from them which is the subject of so much laudatory comment by the professional defenders of democracy. They may become great mass exercises in unreality. In the presidential election of 1940 Messrs Roosevelt and Willkie vied with each other in giving the

voters to understand that no American boy would be sent overseas to fight, though it was fairly obvious to anyone of discernment that the President was steadily guiding his country along a course that led straight to entanglement in the world war, and that this was the one element in his policy of which Mr Willkie thoroughly approved. The American election of 1940 was, in fact, almost as gigantic a sham, so far as foreign policy was concerned, as was the British election of 1935 when a "national" government was returned with a large majority to carry out a policy of sanctions against Mussolini. It may be, then, that the issues on which American politicians will most emphatically take stands during the next six months will have as little relevance to the decisions that will be made in the name of the American people by their government after the election as was the case in 1940.

Certainly there is little ground for the prevalent impression in Canada, assiduously fostered by the special correspondents of our papers, that American policy has gone through a profound revolution from isolation to world collaboration. There is still a great deal of isolationist feeling rampant in the United States, and no American political commentator feels very sure that a Republican régime after next November may not for most practical purposes be as isolationist as the administrations of Harding and Coolidge. The fact that the American government committed itself to the Moscow declaration about a world organization for the preservation of peace, that the two Houses passed the Fulbright and Connally resolutions with hardly any dissenting voices, and that the Republican magnates issued their Mackinac declaration, must not make us think that everything is settled. The Congressional resolutions were framed so that they could be accepted by everyone from the most extreme isolationists to the B_2H_2 group of interventionists. Some cynic has already remarked that the only peace guaranteed by these resolutions is the peace of mind of the politicians from now until November. The world organization promised by Moscow is one of sovereign states. And it is too soon yet to be sure whether the important thing is that the American government accepted some form of world organization or that it insisted on complete national sovereignty.

A willingness to co-operate with other nations is what one would expect from the more liberal progressive elements in any national community; and the significant thing about American domestic

politics is the marked drift towards the right which seems to be taking place everywhere. Congressional and other elections since 1940, as well as all the opinion polls, have shown such a pronounced decline in the popularity of the Democratic party that Republican leaders have been talking openly, too openly perhaps, of being able to win next November's election with any presidential candidate. All the statistics point to a Republican victory, and the only doubt seems to be whether the personality of President Roosevelt as the Democratic candidate will be enough to counteract this trend. What is most distressing to liberals is that they have no candidate except Roosevelt to whom they can rally, and that they are no longer very confident that a Roosevelt victory will mean a liberal victory.

The Roosevelt régime from 1932 to 1940 represented an American version of the Popular Front. The President had control of a party machine which he could steer in the liberal direction; and supporting him in the country were most of the farmers, of labour, of middle-class progressives and intellectuals, and of the younger generation in general. The New Deal programme was a resourceful attempt to meet the problems of the depression by pragmatic *ad hoc* measures, without much worrying about any consistent clear-cut political philosophy or about ultimate ends. It was a typical product of the practical, experimental American genius at its best. And if the American people are to be attracted towards playing a constructive part in world affairs, it will probably be by approaching foreign policy in this same New Deal temper. They will co-operate with other nations and tackle particular problems in a liberal humanitarian spirit, as they are now doing in the UNNRA organization. If their attention is concentrated upon the arid legal technicalities of sovereignty, their role will be as negative as it was after 1919.

But for some time now New Dealers have been disappearing from Washington administrative offices. The President himself has as much as said that the New Deal era is over; and in his concentration on winning the war he has been appeasing those big business interests whom he once fought so cheerfully, because he feels that America's war effort cannot be fully mobilized without the full co-operation of business. The Democratic party has shown signs of slipping out of his control and of returning to its old-time condition of being a combination of the reactionary Solid South

and the corrupt big-city machines of the North. Youth, which still mainly supports the President against all comers, is scattered in away-from-home factories or in the armed forces, and the President's opponents have been taking steps to make it as difficult as possible for men in the armed forces to vote. Farmers are alienated from the Democratic party, and Labour is torn by bitter internal disputes. The New Deal as a fighting Popular Front is, to say the least, not nearly as effective as it was in the first two Roosevelt terms.

If the President is re-elected, he will almost certainly have to face a hostile House of Representatives and a Senate which he will find it hard to manage, even if there is a Democratic majority in it. And the Roosevelt who will have to handle these difficulties will be a tired man. Moreover, in spite of his phenomenal resiliency and his instinct for sensing the public feeling, he has gone through the inevitable evolution which marks the career of every leader who is long in office. The men of spirit and independence who at first surrounded him have gradually departed, and their place has been taken, not quite by yes-men, but by those pliable characters who are interested rather in pleasing the chief than in telling him what is going on outside.

The men who will hold most of the key positions in government in a fourth Roosevelt term will be business men. At present the most dynamic group in the United States appears to be the Committee for Economic Development, an association of big business leaders who have taken up the idea of planning with energy and who are setting out to ensure that the plans on which post-war America is to be run shall be those made under the auspices and in the interests of private business. The official National Resources Planning Board of the government has been practically liquidated by a hostile Congress. The C.E.D. is employing some of the ablest economists in the country to draft plans for it. (University professors in public affairs are undesirable only when they work for government or join radical parties.) And big business interests generally are waiting eagerly to take over the great government war-plants at reduced prices and to establish a post-war régime of normalcy in which control of the American economy will be even more monopolistically concentrated than it was before 1941.

All these things make one wonder sometimes whether it might not be best if a Republican were the next occupant of the White

House. A Republican president would bring with him fresh advisers and assistants. He would not be thwarted by the animosity of Senators and Representatives. He would be able to carry out definite policies and his energies would not be frittered away in domestic fights. Nor is the Republican party quite the solid mass of unregenerate reaction that we are apt to think it. Its successes in state elections have brought to the front a group of young, fairly progressive Republican state governors, men such as Saltonstall of Massachusetts and Stassen of Minnesota, who appear to be about the most promising material in present-day American politics. The most effective liberal criticism of the present administration's foreign policy comes from the Republican New York *Herald Tribune*.

And then there is Mr Wendell Willkie.[1] No doubt it is unwise to judge politicians by their speeches, but the fact is that the Willkie speeches are exactly what a liberal would like to have said on American foreign policy. They have just that sprinkling of quotable sentences and of stimulating historical references which President Roosevelt's speeches used to have in his early New Deal days. Mr. Willkie's Wall Street past still damns him in the eyes of most American liberals, just as his present stand on foreign policy damns him in the eyes of the isolationists who still on the whole dominate his own party. Liberals point out that his internationalism is not at all unacceptable to Wall Street, which has always been more conscious of the world position of the United States than has the rest of the American business fraternity or the man in the street; and they fear that a Wall Street internationalism would not in practice turn out to be the kind of internationalism that they want. At any rate, his chances of winning the party nomination seem at the moment of writing to be very slight. If he fails, that will mean that his efforts to compel his party to commit itself to a forthright policy of internationalism have been defeated by those elements in the party who are still looking in the isolationist direction—which may also be in the direction of an exclusive American imperialism. The candidate around whom all these forces will almost certainly rally in the end, and who according to the opinion polls already has a long lead in the race for the party nomination, is Governor Dewey of New York.

[1]Since this article was written Mr Willkie has announced his retirement from the presidential race.

From the liberal point of view the most disheartening thing about American politics has been the persistent failure of all third-party movements. Ever since the days of the Progressives, before the last war, liberals have been promising themselves that at the next presidential election there would be a real farmer-labour party to challenge the two old parties. Third parties in our English-speaking democracies are the channels through which new ideas and interests find expression in politics, and the two-party system only works well when there are more than two parties.

But today there is less chance of an effective third-party movement in the United States than there has been for the past generation. The old Socialist party which once collected so many votes for Debs has shrunk to a little insignificant group around Norman Thomas. The LaFollette organization in Wisconsin has disintegrated. The upper Mississippi valley, "the Valley of Democracy," seems incapable any more of throwing up those militant insurgent agrarian movements which used to supply most of the radicalism to American politics. Labour forces are split in the bitter fight between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L.; and the Political Action Committee of the C.I.O., organized under Sidney Hillman to campaign for President Roosevelt, will be automatically opposed by the A.F. of L. interests who still adhere to the Gompers tradition of avoiding direct political action. The only labour political movement which has got anywhere in recent years, the American Labour party of New York State, is at present being torn to pieces in a fierce struggle between the Communists and the anti-Communists, or between the two big New York labour bosses, Hillman and Dubinsky; and its future ability to hold the balance of power between Democrats and Republicans in the vitally important Empire State will be in doubt. On every front the liberal and progressive forces are in retreat, and their leaders are spending more time quarrelling with one another than in co-operating to bring about "the century of the common man." Perhaps before the summer is out President Roosevelt will have intervened to revitalize the Popular Front of his early days. No one should discount what he may be able to accomplish, but the signs at the moment are not propitious. It seems more likely that he will depend on the magic of the Roosevelt name, will talk about the necessity of concentrating on winning the war, and will deliberately avoid the real issue which worries his supporters—whether Ameri-

can influence abroad is to be thrown on the democratic or on the reactionary side.

The United States at the end of this war will be the only one of the English-speaking democracies which lacks an effective party of the Left. In Britain there is the Labour party with its proved capacity to enlist the support of thirty-five to forty per cent of the voters. In Australia and New Zealand there are Labour parties at present in office, with records of successful administration. In Canada there is the C.C.F. Whatever may be the weaknesses of these social-democratic experiments, their existence proves that Labour in their respective countries is beginning to feel a sense of responsibility for national policy, including national foreign policy, and is passing beyond the stage when it was content to be a mere pressure-group concentrating upon hours and wages. (The same is true of agriculture in Canada.) Unfortunately the senior member of this group, the British Labour party, has displayed a lack of constructive imagination and ambition. It has been too happy to remain, at least in peacetime, His Majesty's Permanent Opposition; and it is wanting in just those dynamic qualities which would fit it to take the lead amongst the progressive forces of the English-speaking world. But at the worst, the mere existence of well-organized parties of the left in the British countries will be a guarantee against too pronounced a swing to reaction after the war. There is no such guarantee in the United States.

The best hope for an Anglo-American world policy that would be liberal, progressive, democratic—one hardly knows what is the proper descriptive adjective to apply in this case—would be, in the absence of any Labour party in the United States, the revival of a genuine Popular Front leadership on this side of the ocean, paralleled by the rise of an English Popular Front represented by an alliance of Labour, the Liberals and the Commonwealth party. Neither of these things seems very likely to happen.

* * *

But whatever the prospects of liberalism in the United States, there is no doubt that the sheer power of the American republic gives it an automatic position of leadership amongst the English-speaking nations. Our generation is taking part in a transition of which most of us are not yet sufficiently conscious. The British Dominions grew up to manhood under the protection of Great

Britain, and they have hitherto as a rule accepted British leadership in world affairs because they took for granted this British protection. Whether we like it or not, the events of this war have shown that this traditional double British role of leadership and protection is coming to an end. Britain can no longer as in the nineteenth century guarantee the security of the British Empire, and her role is almost unconsciously being taken over by the United States. The war in the Pacific today tends to become a war fought by the United States and by the British Dominions under American leadership. The future security of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, in the Pacific area, depends upon the protection provided by American power. And the security of Great Britain herself on the other side of the Atlantic is only too obviously dependent on continued American support. What this new situation means for the future relationship of the United States with the British countries no one can as yet be very certain.[2] But from the point of view of military and political strategy Britain tends to become a rather dangerously exposed outpost of the English-speaking world, the main body of which is firmly based upon the strategically secure North American continent.

American newspaper comment shows little evidence, save in such journals as the *Chicago Tribune*, of any desire to use this situation for undermining the solidarity of the British Commonwealth. On the contrary there seems to be a general American assumption, nowhere more marked than in Washington itself, that the British Commonwealth operates as a unit and that Mr Churchill is its spokesman. The Dominions have had to press hard in a somewhat unreceptive Washington atmosphere for separate Dominion representation on the various allied boards and commissions which have been set up for the conduct of the war. There is no sign of any Machiavellian American attempt to upset the established relationships of the British nations amongst themselves, except again in the case of such clumsy Machiavellians as Colonel McCormick.

On the British side Mr Churchill has spoken with approval of the mixing up of British and American affairs during this war. Some enthusiastic Britishers on both sides of the Atlantic are

[2]See a very interesting analysis of this transition in an article by W. B. Willcox, entitled "Forces of Change in the English Speaking World," in the *Yale Review*, autumn, 1943.

dreaming of a return of the American prodigal son to the British Empire. But these dreams have as little basis in reality as the dreams of Colonel McCormick and his followers. Any possible future of Anglo-American collaboration will be one in which the effective leadership rests in the hands of the Americans. And most signs point to a much looser form of collaboration after the war than that which is functioning at present. The Atlantic Community, so dear to such commentators as Mr Walter Lippmann, has only, as a matter of historical fact, been a going concern when the Americans and the British had some very definite and specific enemy in common. After the present German and Japanese threat is removed, the ties which hold the Atlantic Community together will inevitably be loosened.

There are ominous signs already of post-war Anglo-American friction and rivalry in such fields as aviation, shipping, communications, currency stabilization, and world trade. However these difficulties may be settled, and whatever part Canada may play in the settlement of them, it is certain that in the post-war world Britain will have a very definitely European point of view and that America—Canada as well as the United States—will tend to return to an attitude of detachment from Europe. We are likely to see the roles which were played after the last war by Britain and France in relation to the European continent resumed after this war by the United States and Britain. The British will keep insisting on a continuous interest in European affairs, and the Americans will show a continuous reluctance to intervene except in a serious crisis. They will never again be able to divest themselves of an interest in Europe, but the Atlantic Ocean will have the same influence upon their policy during the next century as the English Channel had upon British policy during previous centuries.

Probably we are worrying too much about Europe at present. The danger of any European power being able to upset the world, as Germany and France have upset it during recent centuries, becomes less and less. World wars arise out of the inability of the major world powers to adjust their relations peaceably, and the two major powers of the world are now extra-European, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. While at the moment American and Russian policies seem to be at variance in the settlement of Europe, the part of the world in which the ambitions of the two giant powers are most likely to clash is the Far East. After the present fighting

is over we may spend too much effort safeguarding ourselves against the last war and neglect to safeguard ourselves against the next war.

At any rate the immediate problem is the influence which domestic political developments may have upon the character of American foreign policy, whether in Europe or in the Orient. For liberals the issue is whether American power will be used to support democratic forces in the liberated European and Eastern countries or whether it will be used to buttress up régimes of another kind. Mr Willkie has, as usual, best expressed what American liberals have on their minds:[3]

> The fact is that the United States has always been a world power. Even when our Union was first formed in 1789, when our population was only 4,000,000, and we were in debt and all but defenceless, we were yet one of the mightiest powers on earth. Our power in those days, however, was neither financial nor military; we were of small account in the diplomatic councils of the world. Our power resided in an Idea—the idea of self-government by free men; of self-government by men whose future would depend, not upon the will of kings or the plans of dictators, but upon their own innate courage and abilities. The American Idea changed the whole course of history. No riches, no navy, no army had ever exercised such power over the destinies of mankind. The American Idea, which our forefathers undertook as a dangerous but exciting experiment, has now proved itself. Our free society has made us the richest nation on earth. . . . Today we are a world power in a sense other than ideological. And the great responsibility that we shoulder is the maintenance, despite this material power, of our former ideological leadership.

[3]Reported in the *New York Times*, Feb. 3, 1944.

THE PROJECTION OF CANADA

DONALD W. BUCHANAN

THE making of motion pictures is a mixture of mechanism and art, and the mechanism looms large. There is also the question of money. Who pays the bill? Romantic and fictional films can net box-office profits equally well from audiences in Lucknow, Ontario, or Lucknow, India, but it takes millions of dollars to promote them. On the other hand, with more moderate funds, government departments may aim to do a job of citizenship through visual education, or manufacturing firms may seek to gain prestige by distributing informational movies. In Canada, only the last two types of sponsor appear. We have here no Hollywood of the north, no great studio lots and highly paid stars, no cigar-smoking magnates, but we have flourishing documentary and factual film units, which aim to put the workaday face of Canada on the screen. The largest of these is the National Film Board of Canada, promoted by John Grierson, who was formerly head of the General Post Office Film unit in Great Britain. As for Grierson, his particular job has been to encourage films that will relate our familiar scenes to wider concepts of citizenship and statehood.

So much for the goal, but how then do these movies reach the public? Although the series, "World in Action" and "Canada Carries On," and newsreel items and such like go into the majority of our movie houses, where they are seen by millions, the bulk of the Canadian product is not made for the trade circuits at all. These films are turned out rather for 16 mm. showings in factories and schools, for screenings by churches and service clubs, trade unions and chambers of commerce, or for use by travelling projectionists in rural and industrial areas.

The subjects, well, they may be anything. Anything, one might say, from handicrafts in Quebec to the building of the Alaska Highway. There have even been excursions into social science. For example, films on credit unions and unemployment insurance have lately been made by the government studios. Culture, of course, with a capital letter, also creeps in occasionally, as in "The Flight of the Dragon" about the collection of Chinese art in the Royal Ontario Museum, or in "Chansons Populaires," cartoon films to the music and words of French-Canadian folk-songs. The

prime emphasis, however, is on national unity, on letting each Canadian know the face of his fellows.

This new pace in movie-making has been largely set by the National Film Board, which by act of parliament in 1939 was given responsibility for all productions by Dominion government agencies. But even before 1939, there existed a strong nucleus of enthusiasm for cultural and educational films in Canada. This enthusiasm had been nurtured by the National Film Society of Canada, a co-operative organization of educationists and laymen interested in the art of the cinema. Founded by the author in 1935 as a national association, it immediately started to present the classics of the screen to large audiences composed of members who paid annual subscriptions. Groups in Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver, Hamilton and Kingston were soon seeing the best of international production. Special study projects in visual education for teachers were also started. Finally, both the Imperial Trust (Great Britain) and the Rockefeller Foundation of New York recognized the Society by giving it grants-in-aid. With these funds it was possible for its central office to assemble and to circulate throughout Canada a large travelling library of 16 mm. movies, which was designed to act as a spur towards the formation of new regional libraries by the provinces.

Canadian production of quality was, nevertheless, until 1939 pretty fragmentary. True, in the early thirties we could already boast of the "Grey Owl and the Beaver" series of outdoor movies done by Bill Oliver of Calgary for the National Parks Branch, Ottawa. These stories of a tame beaver have always been favourites with teachers and children. Amateur movie-makers were also using their 16 mm. cameras to advantage. Leslie Thatcher of Toronto pieced out with slow deliberation a sequence of beautiful compositions of fishermen along the St. Lawrence. F. R. Crawley of Ottawa visited the primitive farms of Charlevoix County, Quebec, and made a concise and historically accurate description of the development of power from the earliest farm machines to the water wheel and the modern turbine. This production was the first amateur film to have a clear-cut instructional purpose. Other items by amateurs were more superficial. The more subtle approach to nature came later, after 1940, when Crawley joined forces with Graham McInnes of the National Film Board to make

"Canadian Landscape." In that film, which centres round the sketching tours of the artist A. Y. Jackson, the camera sets up a counterpoint of nature in its own image and of nature translated through the brush of the painter.

We sing the words, "the true north, strong and free," and we know that they ring proper to the ear. Yet it is not so easy to depict that feeling in visual terms. Our painters, of course, have sensed the overwhelming power of our geography. But what of the more social impulses that "make a Canadian tick"? Our way of life, our psychology, does not get described very often. Morley Callaghan once said that the average Canadian writer "has one foot in North America, one foot in England, and his head in the clouds." The dampening effect of diverse traditions certainly bogs down some of our artists and poets. The documentary cinema, however, is new; it has not had time to acquire much respect for what has gone before. Moreover, its creators—the men who first started to photograph life in realist terms—have never tied themselves to any particular national idiom. They get about; they do jobs in many countries.

Take some of the people who have come to make films in Canada. Jacoby of New York, Ferno and Ivens from the Netherlands, Hawes, Legg and Spottiswoode from England, have all in recent years received commissions in Ottawa, while Evelyn Spice and Julian Roffman, Canadians, who learned the ropes elsewhere, are back here too. They have brought with them a wide experience in the observation of reality, and more important, a belief that the citizen and his problems should be the basic plot of their movie scenarios.

In Ottawa they have been given a chance to turn out some fairly creative work. Jacoby, for example, after his arrival in 1940, got in touch with the novelist Morley Callaghan, and together they created "Hot Ice," an authentic description of school rinks and flooded back lots, or in a word, the game of hockey as it is played and breathed by youngsters everywhere in Canada. Here in this film was a large slice of simple, intuitive Canadian life, treated without romance or heroics. Jacoby made it appear exactly what it was, just the normal running around and growing up of the average school-boy. As for Legg, he walked right into the coal town of Glace Bay and came out with "The Case of Charlie Gordon," which was mainly about the work of a mechanic in a garage. This pre-war production was financed under the Youth Training

Plan of the Department of Labour, and it went right to the core of the hopes and fears of unemployed youth. Such a youngster as the one in this film, who wanted to master the insides of an automobile, was much more a typical Canadian than were most of the characters generally depicted in our recognized literature, certainly more so than the peasants of *Marie Chapdelaine* or the complex middle-class sons of *Jalna*.

To the initial stimulus provided by Legg and Jacoby, there was soon added the wide-awake response of dozens of young Canadians who wanted to come to Ottawa, there to make films about Canada. Among them were dozens of recent graduates of our universities, keenly interested in social studies. Many of them obtained the chance to serve as apprentices in the studios of the National Film Board, which, in June, 1941, had taken over and absorbed the existing facilities of the Dominion Government Motion Picture Bureau.

Much parallel activity also took place in the plants of the principal commercial units, Vancouver Films on the Pacific coast and Associated Screen News in Montreal. Gordon Sparling of Associated helped the Film Board with the most popular of all short movies of the Dominion, "The Peoples of Canada." The cameramen and directors working for these firms nevertheless usually had their own predilections and specialities. Besides newsreels they did mainly prestige films for private industry. There was, however, considerable room for originality here, as Leon Shelly of Vancouver Films has shown in two of his movies, one on the making of a newspaper, and the other on co-operative fruit marketing in British Columbia.

Both the Film Board and these private firms are confronted with the same problems, the same complexities, in each production they undertake. That is because, whether government financed or or otherwise, the filming of every "documentary" involves various compromises between the initial requirements of the sponsor and the equally strong and possibly different urges of the director. A good example of this was "The People's Bank," a movie about credit unions, in which five Canadian provinces joined, not only in providing funds, but also in suggesting the items they felt should be included. In such circumstances, movie-making becomes a true amalgam of talent and compromise. Then, too, there has to be give and take between editor and cameraman, between script-writer and research assistants. The impress of one personality may oc-

casionally dominate throughout from choice of theme to the final editing of the visual sequences. More usually each film is a group achievement. Six key persons were thus responsible for the making of "Coal Face, Canada," a distinguished recent picture about the men who dig out the coal from the Canadian earth. Here the technician who arranged the voice and sound effects, played his part as much as did the director.

During these last two years, in both Canadian government and commercial film units, most of the movies made have been about war or the economics of war. How difficult it has therefore been to keep the human stature in proper perspective! Some of the subjects mentioned above, and a few others, such as "A Man and His Job," by Dallas Jones, which was about unemployment insurance, and "Before They Are Six," by Gudrun Bjerring, on day nurseries, have retained or even amplified the qualities of Legg's "Case of Charlie Gordon." On the other hand, the delineation of institutions in humanist terms has too often been obscured, shouted down by the din and hammer of war needs and appeals. This phase, in which the nervous roar of the sound track harshly dominated the pictorial image, seems to be passing. Nor do military themes always require such treatment. In fact, it may be that the most deeply civilized document the Film Board has yet produced is an army subject, "13 Platoon," directed by Roffman. This is the story of how a young lieutenant, in training and in barracks, had to learn to understand his men and to be understood by them. This admirable study in the psychology of Canadian soldiering was made by photographing an actual platoon in its normal activities over a period of months. This was of course an expensive procedure, not often possible to Canadian cameramen.

The recapitulation of world events from "on location, Ottawa," received international recognition and acclaim, early in 1942, when "Churchill's Island," by Legg, won an award of merit from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in Hollywood. Since then, there has been a steady output of similar movies of even more global content in the monthly "World in Action" series, which now has a large continental and overseas distribution. This attempt to improve upon the "March of Time" by putting more content, and more editorial impetus, into news background films, was successfully promoted from Ottawa through a lucky combination of circumstances. First, Legg was there to do the editing.

Secondly, Grierson had obtained official access there to all official British and American war material and to much seized enemy footage as well, and lastly, the necessary initial financing for the venture came from war information funds provided by the Dominion Government. The repercussions of the triumph of "World in Action" extended into the non-theatrical 16 mm. field. Similar ideas were used by producers there. Yet one reason why in Ottawa movie-making did not pass entirely, as it might have done, in a rapid crescendo from Legg's first sympathetic observation of the social panorama of the Dominion to his more impersonal stage of urgent and ideological reporting on world events, lay in the variation of audiences that had to be served. The theatres were of course only one aspect of the story.

As has been explained, 16 mm. Canadian films, as distinguished from the theatrical 35 mm. size, are now given a multitude of employments. Over thirty non-theatrical film libraries existed in 1943. These were operated mostly by various university and provincial authorities, who were assisted by various free loan services originating in Ottawa. First, large groups of films were sent out to departments of education and universities, on a three-month deposit basis, by the National Film Society of Canada. Secondly, a large and regular supply of war information films is now given free to all such libraries, or made available on a cost basis, by the National Film Board.

Under the auspices of the Junior Boards of Trade and the Kiwanis Clubs, volunteer projection committees have been established in thirty-one Canadian cities from Halifax to Vancouver. Members of these committees arrange film programmes and provide projection facilities for any organization interested in showing information films. In many regions the projectors used for this purpose have been lent to the committees by private citizens and local industries.

Yet this is only a beginning of what can be done. Film repositories are still needed in the smaller cities. The loan of books can be tied in with the use of 16 mm. films. Carnegie libraries are taking up this idea. In London, Ontario, the Public Library not only serves the city with 16 mm. films, but also, as part of its rural extension service, sends movies into the small towns of the district. The Winnipeg Public Library, in co-operation with the University of Manitoba, invites all the study organizations in that city to a

monthly screening of all the latest documentary pictures. Representatives of young people's groups, churches, women's organizations, service groups, parent-teacher organizations, turn out. Then, after they have seen the movies, they discuss the issues raised.

In rural Canada, by means of special war appropriations, the National Film Board has been able to put into the field over seventy travelling projectors. There are twenty villages served by each operator, and he comes to them, even during the depths of winter, regularly once a month, with a programme that makes Canada and the war vibrantly alive. These same travelling operators also give school showings, where each man becomes, for a few brief hours, almost the modern equivalent of the Pied Piper of legend. As one French-Canadian operator says in an enthusiastic report: "C'est un vrai plaisir pour moi d'arriver dans une paroisse, car aussitôt les enfants crient voilà le monsieur des vues et tous se rendent à la salle à ma suite."

Here is one typical programme: "Food as It Might Be"—on the post-war future of farming and of food marketing, "Getting Out the Coal"—an instructional item on coal-mining, "Trees for Tomorrow"—a forest conservation subject, "Mites and Monsters"—a natural history topic, "News Roundup"—a special reel containing the latest reports of war activities.

About three hundred of the points served by rural circuits consist of farming areas populated by Canadian citizens of foreign origin. Here the real test of the documentary movie comes. Will these people respond to its stimulus? They turn out in crowds for the showings, but at first they seem to be merely passive spectators. A new movie technique, however, is proving effective in encouraging these and other audiences to come forth with their own opinions. This technique consists briefly in the presentation of a three-minute "discussion movie" in which four people appear on the screen in an informal argument centring on some topical theme. The National Film Board has now made "trailers" of this nature to follow the movies, "Battle of the Harvests," "Forward Commandos," "Inside Fighting Russia," and "Battle Is Their Birthright." The last one has been particularly effective and has called forth much debate on the place of youth in modern society.

These film showings in rural areas began in January, 1942. There has since been ample time to experiment and to take stock

of results. The documentary film, it has been proved, can definitely be related to community projects and can be associated also with the work of local listening groups for such broadcast programmes as "The National Farm Radio Forum." Then there is the showing of similar movies at trade-union meetings. The Workers' Educational Association, for example, prints each month a discussion guide entitled "Films for Freedom," and this is circulated to some two hundred and seventy trade unions. One of the latest outlines was on the theme of "Women at Work," and the films used were "Night Shift," a film emphasizing the varied jobs women are doing today, and "Before They Are Six," on the problem of the children of those who work in war factories.

In such ways the motion picture with its visual impact becomes a gadfly to social discussion. It can relate one part of the nation to the other, as in "Coal Face, Canada"; it can make local problems fit into the scheme of world events, as in "The Battle of the Harvests"; it can serve as a spur to group activity, as in "The People's Bank."

That is how the value of the Canadian documentary movie appears, not as an entity in itself, but as part of a larger entity. Those who direct, photograph, edit, and prepare a film for 16 mm. distribution, are only the first participants in its creation as a living object. The men and women who finally bring it to life and useful activity are those who project that particular movie in some small hall, some factory or school or club room, and so relate its values to local needs and aspirations.

LETTERS IN CANADA: 1943

Edited by A. S. P. Woodhouse

THIS year, as sometimes in the past, we have found it necessary to divide the survey, presenting English-Canadian Letters in the April issue, and reserving the French- and New-Canadian sections till July.

As a result of the war, Canadian drama, save that written for the radio, has virtually disappeared. Accordingly, Mr Milne's annual essay has been suspended, probably for the duration; but he has supplied us with a brief note for inclusion in Remaining Material.

Since the appearance of "Letters in Canada: 1942," death has taken a heavy toll among leading figures in Canadian literature: Sir Robert Falconer, who was a constant friend and frequent contributor to the Quarterly, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, who appeared in its first issue, Mr John W. Dafoe, the dean of Canadian journalists, also a contributor, and Mr Frederick Niven and Mr Stephen Leacock, whose work has been reviewed year by year since this survey commenced. On Sir Charles Roberts, a review article by Professor Pelham Edgar recently appeared in the Quarterly (October, 1943), and on Sir Robert Falconer, a set of articles, "In Memoriam Sir Robert Alexander Falconer, K.C.M.G." (January, 1944), to both of which we refer the reader.

As usual our grateful acknowledgments are due to the University Library and the Toronto Public Libraries for aid cordially given.

PART I. ENGLISH-CANADIAN LETTERS

I. POETRY — E. K. Brown

Since these surveys began in 1936 I have counted as fat years those which brought new works by E. J. Pratt, and as lean those in which he was silent. It was to be feared that 1943 would be among the lean years; but in its last month came *Still Life and Other Verse*, a little collection of fifteen lyrics and brief narratives. Mr Pratt has never been happier as a lyrist than he is in two, at least, of the poems in this latest collection, "Come Away, Death" and "The Invaded Field," the pieces by which he chose to be

represented in the Canadian issue of *Poetry*. With them must be set the title poem, in which he makes powerful and beautiful use of a device somewhat new to his practice, the framing of famous lines and images in ironic contexts. Indeed "Still Life" is his most sustained study in irony, an assault dangerously polite upon the dwellers in ivory towers, those who need stillness about them if their hearts are to flow into verse. Underneath the surface courtesy, but not far enough underneath for the surface to be unruffled, is a grim stress upon the intensity and the significance of the times, the multitude of great themes calling imperiously for a poetic treatment adequate to their burden of splendour and pain. Once the surface cracks wide open to let horror loose:

> To-day the autumn tints are on
> The trampled grass at Marathon.
> Here are the tales to be retold,
> Here are the songs to be resung.
> Go, find a cadence for *that field-gray mould*
> *Outcropping on the Parthenon.*

This is a new note for Mr Pratt; with his strength he allies a new softness of touch, a radiance quite different from that play of lightning and the aurora borealis which in their more spectacular ways have coruscated through so much of his greatest work.

In some of the narratives the old note of "The Cachalot" sounds again; it can never sound too often for a reader of that incomparable piece. Nowhere else in this collection is it so strong and clear as in "The Submarine," in lines such as:

> No forebear of the whale or shark,
> No saurian of the Pleiocene,
> Piercing the sub-aquatic dark
> Could rival this new submarine.

It is fascinating to compare Mr Pratt's treatment of this mechanical monster of the sea with his earlier treatment of cachalot and squid, iceberg and storm. The opening lines are so masterly in their ease that their technical distinction will be missed; after them come a full hundred in which Mr Pratt's unique texture is constant. The longest and perhaps the most impressive poem in the set is "The Truant," where the essential likenesses between Mr Pratt's more theoretic passages and the intellectual pieces of E. A. Robinson become clearer than in anything else Mr Pratt has done. His thought has not the complex richness that Robinson's had, nor does

he leave that peculiar excitement of mystery that marked Robinson at his rare best; but there is more force in Mr Pratt, and I think, an even greater emotional integrity. In this poem there is a powerful Hitler-symbol; and indeed everywhere in the volume war is either a theme or a substantial part of the framework of feeling. Ever since "The Fable of the Goats" appeared in 1937 it has been interesting to watch the primitivist and the idealist conflicting within Mr Pratt, the primitivist elated by the ideal simplifications of character brought about by a common experience of battle and strain, the idealist appalled by the horror of loss and degradation. *Still Life* complements *Dunkirk:* now it is the horror that dominates.

Beside Mr Pratt's book I must set Mr A. J. M. Smith's first collection, *News of the Phoenix and Other Poems.* Twelve of his poems appeared in *New Provinces* (1936), and ever since then I have eagerly awaited a first collection of his poetry. The first feeling at sight of the book must be one of disappointment. It is a little book; it holds but thirty-nine poems, spread over about as many pages, and among the thirty-nine are the twelve from *New Provinces*, and several others well known to readers of more recent anthologies of Canadian verse. One had hoped for evidence of greater fertility; but Mr Smith is an exigent critic, and more severe towards himself than towards others. Such exigence has been rare in our literature; and this shining example may be educative.

The collection reveals an exigent temperament. In one of the most admirable poems in the set Mr Smith espouses the "cold goddess Pride" and announces that it is to the "barren rock" he addresses his "difficult lonely music." In another, his most explicit exercise in criticism, he counsels a younger writer to aim at achieving the effect

> of a hard thing done
> Perfectly, as though without care.

The tone of that, as well as the idea, recalls the elder Yeats, to whom, in a memorial essay in the QUARTERLY, Mr Smith paid significant tribute, speaking of him as an "eye made aquiline by thought." Well, Mr Smith too is aquiline, and it is temperament as much as thought, as it was with Yeats, that has made him so.

The eagle's vision is in that picture of the Canadian landscape called "The Lonely Land." This is a scene girt with sharp jagged firs, and pines that a ceaseless wind has bent, spume is blown high in the air, and at the centre are wild ducks calling to each other in

"ragged and passionate tones." The essence of the scene is stirringly caught in these lines:

a beauty
of dissonance
this resonance
of stony strand,
this smoky cry
curled over a black pine
like a broken
and wind-battered branch
when the wind
bends the tops of the pines
and curdles the sky
from the north.

In this harsh world Mr Smith takes an austere and intense delight. The natural setting for his beautiful "Ode: on the Death of W. B. Yeats" is almost the same. His Ireland has nothing in common with George Moore's or Elizabeth Bowen's: it is no place of soft contours, rich greenery and gentle rain; his Ireland is the bare hills and rough coast of Synge and of Yeats in his elder years. If a tree is conceded blossoms, it is a twisted tree; if a white swan flies through the poem, the air is cold and the clouds above upheave.

Almost equal severity stamps the religious poems with which the collection closes. In 1936 religion was a minor theme in Mr Smith's work; it was scarcely more than an armoury of imagery. Now it is almost in the dominant place. The choice of religious topics is revealing: Good Friday, Calvary, Christian death. A line or two here and there is infused with gentleness:

And His face was a faded flower
Drooping and lost;

but lines such as these are among the least successful in the book. The main effect is that of the Bellini portrait of Christ: haggard, stricken, at odds with life.

Mr Smith's theory of poetry leaves an honoured place for light verse. In the introduction to his anthology *The Book of Canadian Poetry* he quotes with approval Mr Auden's warning that it will "do poetry a great disservice if we confine it only to the major experiences of life." "Far West" is a lightly satirical suggestion of a London girl's feelings as "among the cigarettes and the peppermint creams" she enjoys a movie about cowboys. More acrid are "On Reading an Anthology of Popular Poetry" and "Son-and-

Heir." In these Mr Smith's disgust with *bourgeois* values has a searing strength. "Son-and-Heir" is an arraignment of *bourgeois* civilization in terms of the reveries an average *bourgeois* couple might have as they plot the ideal future for the baby. In the comment on the anthology he speaks of the "sweet sweet songs," the "soft melodious screams," the "old eternal frog in the throat that comes with the words, *Mother, sweetheart, dog.*" Read first, these satirical poems will help prepare one for the emotions that lie within and behind the more difficult and more important pieces.

A proud, hard, noble and intense book, *News of the Phoenix* leaves the regret that Mr Smith has not been more fertile, or, if he has kept back much (as I for one presume), that he should not have given us some peeps into the laboratory in which he works his wonders.

II

None of the other books the year has brought belongs on the same shelf as *Still Life* and *News of the Phoenix*. There has been, however, at least the usual amount of attractive verse. Miss Audrey Brown's *Challenge to Time and Death* is clearly better than her *The Tree of Resurrection* (1937), although I do not find anything in it to equal the earlier "Laodamia" or one or two other pieces in her *A Dryad in Nanaimo* (1931). The fantastic is a large part in her charm, such evocations as this, inspired by the humble clop of the milkman's horse:

> Dappled and clouded
> So daintily they trod
> On small hoofs of ivory
> Silver-shod.

Ordinarily the effect is less definite. She speaks of a "road enamelled with the rose," of "meadows piled with drifts of daisy bloom," of "dim heather-purpled hills of dream." With most of us now a little of such quietly rich description goes a long way. War is the theme of most of the poems in the collection; and the note is extraordinarily old-fashioned; a few great words are overused, words like "gallant" and "glory," blacklisted by Mr Hemingway and most of the sharpest sensibilities of the time. In strong contrast with most of the poems is a long piece "Remittance Man," which has a straightforward energy and dramatic imagination not

often found in Miss Brown's work. Even in it the quietly rich descriptions come now and then:

> And the keener-than-emerald-coloured alley and lane
> Jewelled with jade of leaves—
> And the blue eggs of the robin under the eaves . . .
> . . . the wind tossing almond boughs apart,
> And petals of pink pearl
> Lightly dropped on the lifted face of a girl.

One wishes away these effusions of a soft sensuousness, and wonders whether Miss Brown could sustain throughout a poem of this length the note of

> I go down to the half-post-office, half-store,
> Trying to keep the expectancy out of my eyes:
> A dozen droning flies
> Enter with me through the snapped-back door.

Mr Wilson MacDonald has always looked askance at critics, and in the foreword to his *Greater Poems of the Bible: Metrical Versions, Biblical Forms and Original Poems* he asserts: "The frost of criticism is now upon the song of the world, seeking to destroy it." I have never met, read of, or heard of a critic who sought to destroy the art which was the subject of his own writing, although I freely concede that every critic may now and then seek to "destroy," that is to discredit, a work of art which he believes mistaken. The sentence I quote is one of many pronouncements in Mr MacDonald's foreword flung out in a rage or an exaltation without any evidence offered in support. Mr MacDonald's undertaking seems to me one hard to justify. Some of the greatest passages in the Bible (for example *I Corinthians*, XIII) he retains almost unaltered; to others he gives a metrical scheme definite and modern; sometimes he removes archaisms and obscurities. The test of his book must clearly lie not in the passages he retains as he found them but in those he refashions, and particularly in those where the changes are fundamental. As an example of his work I shall cite "The Lord's Prayer":

> Our Father, who are in Heaven,
> hallowed be Thy name;
> let Thy desires and our desires
> be evermore the same.

Thy will be done, O Lord, on earth
as it is done above.
Forgive us by the measure of
our own forgiving love.

Preserve us from the tempter's hands
and every evil thing.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and let us ever sing:

"Thine is the kingdom and the power,
O Lord of sinful men,
And Thine the glory evermore,
yea evermore, amen."

With this evidence offered in support, I shall say that Mr MacDonald has based his work on a misconception of what constitutes poetry, with no fear that this attempt to "destroy" him may be interpreted as an attempt to "destroy" what he calls "the song of the world."

Three long poems, very different from one another as they are, may come next. *Shadowed Victory*, from the practised hand of Mr Arthur Stringer, is a slow-moving deeply-felt novel in verse. A Saskatchewan farmer loses his girl to a soldier; she joins the CWAC; the soldier is killed at Dieppe; she is blinded in the blitz; meanwhile the farmer has made a marriage founded upon a curious mixture of passion and respect from which love is absent; and at the close, after the blinded girl's return, appreciates the measure of his loss. The blank verse is always competent, and at some points very moving; but some magic of diction, some fullness of insight, some power of sudden illumination is lacking. Another long war story in verse is Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Watt's *Who Dare To Live*, on which I shall offer no aesthetic comment. This tale of personal experience in the convoys (with a romantic fiction as the warp) is dedicated to two comrades now missing; much of it was written aboard; and it offers a stirring, sometimes a thrilling account of heroic incidents and the toll such incidents take of personality. As Cowper said of his castaway:

And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

These tears are a hero's; I am not sure they are a bard's. *The Closed Book* by Dr Wilmot B. Lane, professor emeritus of ethics at

Victoria College in this University, is a philosophic presentation, with much copiousness of example, of conflicts within individuals and societies. It will remind Professor Lane's students of that vast store of reading and that intense imagination which marked his lectures. Space does not permit an account of the elaborate intellectual scheme of the poem; but one may say briefly that the work lacks the fullness of poetic conception, and in the detail of image, rhythm and verse paragraph is insufficiently vital.

There were but three Ryerson Chap-Books in 1943, and one of these, Miss Eugenie Perry's *Hearing a Far Call*, was inadvertently included in the preceding survey. Miss Evelyn Eaton, the well-known novelist, catches in the two dozen brief pieces which make up *Birds before Dawn* fugitive moments and crucial incidents of undoubted beauty. Her touch is so light that the feeling does not often come through in the intended intensity. In *Journey into Yesterday* Miss Irene Benson, in a manner that is always solemn (and often over-solemn), writes with something of the charm that Carman had in his graver moments. The level of the Carillon Chap-Books continues far below that of the Ryerson series. Of the three that appeared in 1943, Miss Phyllis Pettit's *Promise*, Miss Laura Ridley's *Christmas Eve*, and Miss Mariel Jenkins' *Beauty for Ashes*, the last is much the best. Miss Jenkins shows a clear grace of form, and in a few poems a strength of feeling, sometimes betrayed by her defect in verbal power.

A number of small books, many of them simple booklets, remain. Miss Dorothy Dumbrille's *Watch the Sun Rise* has the same painful intimacy as her preceding collection. She is simple and clear, and often expert, but nothing of the magic of great verse has entered into her work. In *They Shall Return and Other Poems* Mr J. Lewis Milligan shows that there has been no decline in his management of the musical old-fashioned manner that has so long been his. In approaching Mrs Amabel King's *The New Crusaders and Other Poems* one is pleased by the admirable decorations by the versatile Wilson MacDonald but worried and indeed put off by the statement on the jacket that she was the prime mover in the anthology *Voices of Victory*, commented upon in the survey for 1941. In the best of Mrs King's poems there is grace; but the collection should have been cut by at least one-half, and the diction of the remnant (here is the chief formal weakness of our poetry) considered and reconsidered with Horatian care.

III

Two anthologies await comment. From the *New Directions* company in Connecticut comes a beautifully produced volume called *A Little Anthology of Canadian Poets*, edited by Mr Ralph Gustafson. To use a phrase of Mr A. J. M. Smith's, quoted when his collection was discussed, this is a book of "difficult lonely music." Except for Mr Pratt, Mr L. A. Mackay and Mr Leo Kennedy, the poets of simpler spirit and freer manner are not here. What is lost in comprehensiveness is gained in unity. I was surprised by the absence of Miss Anne Marriott and Miss Dorothy Livesay, who are poets in Mr Gustafson's kind, and much superior to those who occupy his last pages. But the test of a small anthology is not what it leaves out, but what it admits; and there are but one or two dubious pieces in this. For the distinguished little magazine *Voices* Mr Gustafson undertook another anthology of our recent poetry; and again he achieved an excellent representation, this time more comprehensive.

Mr Gustafson would be the first to say that neither of his anthologies has the importance of Mr A. J. M. Smith's great *Book of Canadian Poetry*, which he reviewed at length in the January number of the QUARTERLY. His review and those of three other works lightens my task. One of these is Miss Elsie Pomeroy's biography of Sir Charles Roberts, reviewed by Professor Pelham Edgar in the autumn number. Miss Pomeroy's book came out just a few months before Sir Charles died: it has served both as a homage at the close of an incredibly long poetic career, and as a memorial tribute to one who had seemed too robust to die. Some of his admirers have complained now and then that the comments on Sir Charles' work in these surveys were grudging. If there is any ground for such complaint, it lies in the fear I had lest his great age, the strong loyalties he evoked, and the immense influence he had come to wield should prejudice the reception throughout the country of some kinds of poetry that he did not fully appreciate. In his own poetry at its best—and much of it was very good indeed—there was mellow beauty and dexterous art. *Full Tide*, the excellent little magazine of the Vancouver Poetry Society, devotes a number to his memory; and since this organ does not circulate as widely as it might, I should like to quote from the tribute paid in it by Dr Duncan Campbell Scott:

I could hazard the opinion that few writers have used oftener the term fellow-craftsman; this word was an index of one of his qualities; he thought of all poets and versifiers as members of a guild and if he praised indiscriminately, it was for that reason. I think the praise came from a sense of comradeship and from a feeling of kindness for writers of all calibers. . . . He was a leading Canadian for Canada and Canadians. . . . This was generally recognized and I note its record in a late issue of the Literary Supplement of the London Times. "His aim—early and late—was to give Canada a sense of nationhood, and Canadian literature its own distinction." This was a worthy aim and one can only hope that he was satisfied after a long and strenuous life, with its accomplishment, in degree at least, for its full attainment would be impossible for any man.

With all that Dr Scott here says of Sir Charles I concur.

The two other works, reviewed by Professor W. E. Collin in the January number, I may not comment upon: one of them was the fruit of collaboration between Dr Scott and me, and the other was wholly mine. It is not improper to say, however, that to some serious misinterpretations I shall make reply in an appropriate place.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

Benson (I. C.), Journey into yesterday (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 10 pp., 60c.). **Brown (A. A.)**, Challenge to time and death (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 55 pp., $1.75). **Complin (Margaret)**, For remembrance (Regina, the author, Mrs. H. Y. Complin, 2134 Retallack St., 23 pp.). **Dumbrille (Dorothy)**, Watch the sun rise! a collection of poems (Alexandria, Ont., the author; Ottawa, Massey Publishing Co., 19 Woodlawn Ave., 47 pp., $1.00). **Eaton (Evelyn)**, Birds before dawn (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 12 pp., 60c.). **Gustafson (Ralph)** ed., Canadian issue of *Voices;* a quarterly of poetry (Brattleboro, Vt., Vermont Printing Co., 64 pp., 50c.); A little anthology of Canadian poets (Norfolk, Conn., "The Poets of the Year," New Directions, [30] pp.). **Hansberger (Clara), Chapman (Evangeline), Barker (A. G.), Gay (L. V.), Heywood (O. W.)**, Lighted lanterns (Moose Jaw, Mrs. G. C. Barker, 1146 Clifton Ave., 22 pp., 25c.). **Jenkins (Mariel)**, Beauty for ashes (Carillon poetry chap-books; Toronto, Crucible Press, 40 pp.). **King (Amabel)**, The new crusaders and other poems; original drawings by Wilson MacDonald (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 66 pp., $1.75). **Lampman (Archibald)**, At the Long Sault and other new poems; foreword by Duncan Campbell Scott and introduction by E. K. Brown (Toronto, Ryerson, xxix, 45 pp., $2.00). **Lane (W. B.)**, The closed book (an epic of the soul's quest) (Toronto, Macmillan, vi, 42 pp., $1.50). **MacDonald (Wilson)**, Greater poems of the Bible: metrical versions, Biblical forms and original poems (Toronto, Macmillan, xxvi, 277 pp., $4.00). **Milligan (J. L.)**, They shall return and other poems (Toronto, Forward Publishing Co., [16] pp., 50c.). **Perry (M. E.)**, Hearing a far call (Ryerson poetry chap-books; Toronto, Ryerson, 12 pp., 60c.). **Pettit (P. A.)**, Promise: narrative and other poems

(Carillon poetry chap-books; Toronto, Crucible Press, 36 pp., 50c.). **Pratt (E. J.)**, Still life and other verse (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 40 pp., $1.25). **Ridley (L. A.)**, Christmas Eve and other poems (Carillon poetry chap-books; Toronto, Crucible Press, vi, 16 pp.). **Smith** (A. J. M.) ed., The book of Canadian poetry: a critical and historical anthology (Chicago, University of Chicago Press; Toronto, Gage, 452 pp., $4.00); News of the phoenix and other poems (Toronto, Ryerson; N. Y., Coward-McCann, viii, 42 pp., $1.50). **Stringer (Arthur)**, Shadowed victory (Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill, 78 pp., $2.00). **Watt (F. B.)**, Who dare to live (Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 68 pp., $1.75).

II. FICTION

J. R. MacGillivray

The amount of Canadian fiction published in 1943 was smaller than in any year since these annual surveys were begun. Only fourteen volumes have come to hand, less than one-third of the number in 1936 (even if serials and works by Americans about Canada are there excluded). Nor can it be said that there is a higher average of quality this year, nor one outstanding novel even by local and recent standards, to compensate for the decline in total output. One or perhaps two noteworthy volumes of Canadian sketches have appeared, and one novel which is at least much better than anything its author has published recently, but the other books taken by and large are not to be distinguished from the ordinary productions of any year. Once again historical fiction makes up a considerable part of the brief list. The romance of the past is a pleasant enough subject on occasion, but even the well-authenticated days of the log-cabin and the unimpeachable exploits of our Loyalist forbears appear a bit dim and insubstantial at times. It seems unlikely that a national literature can ever be adequately nourished on such thin imaginative fare. One of these days unless it develops a taste for more nutritious matter, our pleasant but ailing Canadian fiction may just fade away like the Cheshire Cat, leaving nothing to be seen but the smile.

The first of the volumes of sketches mentioned above is *Stand on a Rainbow*, by Mary Quayle Innis. It is a story-sequence of two dozen chapters, each complete in itself, but together comprising a chronicle of one year in the strenuous but ordinary existence of Leslie Everett and her children from the end of one summer vacation to the height of the next. There is a Mr Everett also, a good-natured but imperfectly domesticated person, well-intentioned but a trifle obtuse, apparently unaware of how fortunate he is to

be a man and have a nice restful office down town and not have to be a housekeeper, cook, mentor, and friend to a husband, three lively children, and a dog. Nothing out of the way happens to the Everetts. The children are dejected at leaving the summer cottage and a few hours later are glad to get back home. Autumn brings its routine of school and play. One day the dog is lost and nothing can go forward until he is found. The point of view in the book is that of Mrs Everett. She contemplates her family and herself with a combination of critical realism, humour, and wistfulness. She tries to be "a friend of the children," to keep them from growing away from her, and to recapture the happiest sensations of her own childhood in their company. She is, of course, a romantic at heart, and often experiences in a mild and amusing form the romantic's pangs of disillusionment. She prepares nice costumes for a Hansel and Gretel play; they prove to be just the thing for a screaming impromptu melodrama of the Mad Scientist and Superman. Christmas time sets her dreaming about the Sunday School entertainments in her youth; her disappointing progeny can hardly wait for their special treat, the annual shopping spree at Woolworth's.

Stand on a Rainbow is an engaging, lively, and amusing book about the most trivial domestic incidents. Within its limits of observation it is extraordinarily true to life. I do not mean merely that what happens in the Everett family might happen to anybody. The kind of realism displayed is much more subtle and complex than that. I mean that in reading the book, on entering the little domestic world through the consciousness of Mrs Everett, one has a feeling of being alive, of being sensitive to common but often imperfectly registered experience. In that shared consciousness scenes, conversation, external events, memories, and moods are co-ordinated. The skill displayed in combining and focussing all these elements of experience is most striking. In ordinary novels, and often in excellent ones, the analytical reader is aware of an essentially mechanical and arbitrary juxtaposition of the conventional elements of prose fiction, each in its proportion according to the author's skill, a paragraph of description, a bit of conversation, some narrative, an account of what the character under consideration may well be thinking or remembering. In this book, on the contrary, every page contains several of these elements, but all fused and assimilated to a psychological unity, and reaching us

only through the perceptions of Mrs Everett. Yet to the casual reader the method may seem as simple as the subject-matter. It is not, of course, the ordinary stream-of-consciousness method. There is very little weaving back and forth in time with the abrupt introduction by mental association of past events and distant acquaintances. Nor is there much attention to the ways of the mind as a subject of interest in itself. The expansive tendency of that method, if unmodified, would make it unsuitable in a field so deliberately limited. Yet by a discriminating selection of means towards ends, Mrs Innis has created in Leslie Everett the impression of a real character with a sensitive and ranging mind at work, but has kept her interest, and ours, mainly concentrated on one family group. As fictional art this is easily the most finished book of the year.

The second volume of sketches, mentioned doubtfully in the first paragraph, is *The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek and Other Tales* by Thomas H. Raddall. Perhaps it does not really belong on the 1943 list. It was first published in Great Britain with an appreciative foreword by the late Lord Tweedsmuir as long ago as 1939. Now with a 1943 copyright-date it has been issued by a Canadian company. The reason for comment at this time is that the book did not reach me on its first publication and is far too good to be overlooked.

As in his fine historical novel published in 1942, *His Majesty's Yankees*, Mr Raddall's principal region is Nova Scotia, though his frontiers extend from New Brunswick to Newfoundland, the Gulf, and the Labrador coast. His people include village folk, lumbermen, Micmacs and half-breeds, sailors on fishing boats and colliers out of Lunenburg or Sidney, and on a higher social level an occasional local doctor, engineer, or ship's-officer with a taste for adventure or at least an interest in the region and in picturesque characters. The dozen stories in the volume vary in subject and treatment from the restrained reporting on a rescue at sea in "The Road to Fortune" to the backwoods farce-comedy of "The Courtship of Jupe M'Quayle." The method is commonly the old-established one of the teller of tales: introduce a situation or character, tell what happened next and thereafter, contrive a solution, and in the course of the narrative make use of suspense, humour, and surprise to keep the reader with you to the end. Mr Raddall, who has already proved himself an able writer of historical

fiction, also gives promise of becoming both a humorist and a recorder of regional life. The latter two are even more needed in Canada than the former. Humour has always been a rare commodity in our fiction, in spite of glorious exceptions from *Sam Slick* to the *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*. As for regional reporting, it may well be the surest preliminary stage on the way toward the imaginative discovery and evaluation of our wider existence as a nation. The course of American literature after the Civil War would seem to support this view. Mr Raddall has several true qualities of the regional writer: close knowledge of a place and people, a liking for peculiarities and differences, for quaint characters, for the flavour of local dialect and common speech. To a much slighter degree he seems aware of the geographic, social and economic features of his province that distinguish and, to some degree, isolate it from the rest of the country. Mr Raddall's stories lack the technical finish and the psychological penetration of those of Mrs Innis, but they have their own admirable and varied qualities, such as gusto, broad humour, and a rich spicing of pungent description and conversation.

Of the few full-length novels of the year the most competently done, it seems to me, is *Star in a Mist* by Arthur Stringer. Mr Stringer is an experienced and productive writer. This must be about his twenty-fifth volume of fiction. But he has too often for the good of his reputation been content to provide mere entertainment for the most ordinary reader. This would not be a matter for comment if he did not frequently show that he has abilities far beyond his ordinary performance. *Star in a Mist* is undoubtedly the best novel by Mr Stringer which has appeared since these surveys were begun. It is the story of Una Carberry from the first stirring of her ambition to be an actress during her stage-struck adolescence in a small town, through the long years of frustration, poverty, and exhausting work in New York and on tour, until at last she does win popular success, only to find it not quite worth all the effort. Her contacts from beginning to end are almost entirely with the denizens of the theatrical world, worn-out troupers, third-rate Thespians, a few waxing and more waning stars, managers, employment-agents, minor authors, and at the height of her career the supreme producer of lavish spectacle, the Grand Calif of Broadway, the great Tadesco himself. There is only one outsider of importance, William Ruthven, a solid, prosperous business

man from a provincial town, an honest widower with "brooding Lincoln-like eyes" and a large Victorian house, probably with cast-iron deer on the front lawn. It is in accord with the unromantic and calculating common-sense of Una Carberry that after the hard-won triumphs of her youth in New York she should be quite satisfied to look forward in her later years to domestic security far from Broadway with honest William. She is perhaps too cool and calculating to win the reader's full sympathy, valuable as those qualities proved to be in a ruthless competitive society. But Mr Stringer has kept her consistent from first to last, and has observed with detached understanding at least the surface of her thought and feeling. In one curious way, however, she falls short of being a credible and complete person, that is in her lack of awareness of her larger environment outside the little domain of the theatre. She hardly notices the United States and the twentieth century. Toward the end of the book a European war impinges faintly on her consciousness "like echoes from another world," but only when "something known as the draft" takes young actors from her company. It is never made quite clear which war this is, and whether we have reached 1917 or 1941. This dream-like isolation from time and circumstance is the more strange because Mr Stringer is so detailed and realistic about persons and scenes within his heroine's field of observation. The novel would have been still better if the star had not been so completely wrapped in a mist.

Without serious injustice other books of the year may be mentioned more briefly. They include five historical romances, one of recent times, three of the frontier in the eighteenth century, and one of England in the middle ages.

The nearest to our time is Wilfrid Heighington's *The Cannon's Mouth*. It ranges over the two great wars and the years intervening. Mr Heighington's hero sees active service from Ypres to Cyrenaica, and between these engagements with destiny hangs around the armouries in Toronto, attends staff-college in England, and learns something of garrison life from Gibraltar to Singapore. He also has time for politics in Ontario, love affairs in several quarters of the globe, and a bit of sleuthing after an elusive German spy who turns up here and there over twenty years of time. Like the curate's egg, parts of the book are quite good. A few pages of description of trench-life in 1916 are memorable, and still better

are the two chapters on the divorce trial. But there is far too much unshaped stuff in the volume, too many incidents without significance, and no trace of any guiding fictional plan or idea.

The three books on our old favourite period for historical fiction are *Boughs Bend Over* by Maida Parlow French, *West to the Setting Sun* by Harvey Chalmers, and *The Sea Is So Wide* by Evelyn Eaton. The first is another romance of the Loyalist settlement on the upper St Lawrence at the end of the eighteenth century. It is about the troubles of the Van Doorn family with the forest, cold, hunger, and a wicked neighbour. There are about half a dozen concurrent complications of plot and emotion; for example, two daughters fall in love with a brother of the villain, and a child is carried off by the Indians, to be recovered only years later. Characters are distinguished from one another mainly by a few idiosyncrasies of speech and behaviour. Mrs French gives some impression of a rough frontier community and of the hardships and anxieties of inexperienced settlers, but the plot may be too involved, the characterization too shallow, and the tone too sentimental for many readers. The first two of these faults also mar *West to the Setting Sun*. It is largely a fictional life of Joseph Brant, chief of the Mohawks, covering thirty years of his youth, and cast against a background of Indian forays, tribal politics, and the American Revolutionary War. Mr Chalmers was assisted in the preparation of the book by Ethel Brant Monture, a great, great, granddaughter of Joseph Brant. The most interesting feature of an otherwise ordinary and diffuse story of frontier adventure is the serious attempt made to present the Indian's way of thought and his natural concern for mere survival as the settlers encroach more and more on his ancient hunting ground. A somewhat similar gesture toward historical understanding in Evelyn Eaton's novel, *The Sea Is So Wide*, modifies slightly the usual romantic and partisan treatment of the famous story of the expulsion of the French from Acadia during the Seven Years' War. Miss Eaton is less of a partisan for the innocent Acadians than Longfellow, but she is no less romantic. The Evangeline of her novel, Barbe Comeau, is much more fortunate than the other maiden of Grand Pré. She finds herself in so charming a place as Williamsburg, Virginia, where people are kind to her, and she makes a very good living selling *pâtisserie française* until she is happily reunited to her lover, a fine young English officer. Miss Eaton has incorporated

numerous passages from contemporary letters and documents in the novel to stiffen the historical fabric of the story, but she has not been able, and perhaps has not tried, to avoid that glossy, antiseptic, techni-coloured surfacing of scene and character which may make historical fiction popular but also makes it seem utterly unreal.

The fifth and furthest in time of these historical novels is *Forges of Freedom* by F. D. McDowell, a great thick romance of over five hundred pages on the days of the Peasants' Revolt. Mr McDowell planned to show that here almost six centuries ago was a Popular Front uprising against a ruthless mediaeval Capitalism and Authoritarianism. His prologue is filled with modern political terminology. But in the novel itself he seems more interested in mere incident, whether obviously significant or not, and submerges the plot and the original idea beneath masses of undistinguished description and conversation. Even so crucial an event as the death of Wat Tyler is hardly noticed by the peasants or by the reader. The pages of the book are crowded with over a hundred named persons, peasants, yeomen, clergy, tradesmen, noblemen. Of course we also meet the young king, "the Lord Richard de Plantagenet," the author of *Piers Plowman*, and the poet of the court party, the "well of English undefyled," prosperous "Master Dan Chaucer," usually greeted by his more intimate friends as just plain "Dan." Mr McDowell even attempts to recapture the first impression made by Langland's poem upon fourteenth-century England, an effect which curiously enough is not unlike that which it still has on the submissive undergraduate loading up for examinations:

> "Your last *Peter the Plowman* was more than twice as long as the first one," Sir John said. "You rise to heights of beauty in the second text, Master William."
>
> "The first text was five and twenty hundred lines, the second text two and seventy hundred lines," Long Will explained pridefully. "I have the last one in my pack to make some changes."
>
> "Truly a great poem." Sir John spoke slowly.

Only one story of Western adventure seems to have been published this year and one detective story, and both are poor examples of these usually popular Canadian genres. *Northwest Patrol*, by S. A. White, is nominally historical, a tale of the second North-West Rebellion, but except for the fact that one character is named Louis Riel, the book is not to be distinguished from any other brisk and violent narrative about a Mountie, a villain, a

noble, straight-shooting ranger, and a beautiful girl. The detective story, *Wall of Eyes* by Margaret Millar, is much like her three earlier works. The city is supposedly Toronto, and the characters are as unpleasant a collection of scoundrels and freaks as one may imagine. There is a crazy and mysterious family living up on St Clair Avenue and a rather more normal underworld group below the hill, some of them quartered on Charles Street, but the region, the characters, the situations and the solution would surely seem fantastic and incredible to any but the most forbearing reader of crime-fiction.

Finally, there are the books for children. *Starbuck Valley Winter*, by R. L. Haig-Brown, is about a farm-boy on the frontier who spends his first winter after school-leaving as a trapper in the wilds. It unobtrusively combines possible adventures with wood-lore, and is appropriately plain and colloquial in the narrative and conversation. *By Paddle and Saddle*, a semi-historical novel by Olive Knox on the experience of a Scottish lad who accompanied Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, on his journey across Canada in 1841, is less successful as fiction. The author undertakes to combine adventure in this case with historical and geographical information, but the informative purpose sticks out so plainly in conversation, reminiscence, and the choice of incident, that a suspicious youth may often have the uneasy feeling that he is being taken for a ride, right across the continent, in the protective custody of a determined school-teacher. The pedagogic conspiracy is less obvious, though not entirely absent, in the two milder romances, presumably for young girls, which end the list, *Captain Peggy of the Mamie L* by Helen Dickson, and *Treasure Cave Trail* by Marion Merrill. Both are stories of out-of-doors, the one about the adventures of some youngsters who live near a logging-camp on the British Columbia coast, the other about children on a farm in Northern Ontario. The B.C. girls see and learn more, but their Ontario counterparts discover a silver mine. Both are romantic, sentimental, make-believe tales, which are at least nicely printed and illustrated.

CHECK-LIST OF TITLES

***Chalmers** (**Harvey**) [in collaboration with **Ethel Brant Monture**], West to the setting sun (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 362 pp., $3.25). **Dickson** (**Helen**), Captain Peggy of the *Mamie L* (Edinburgh, N.Y., Toronto, Nelson,

176 pp., $2.00). **Eaton (Evelyn)**, The sea is so wide (N.Y. and London, Harper, xiv, 281 pp., $2.50). **French (M. P.)**, Boughs bend over (Toronto, McClelland; Garden City, Doubleday, x, 246 pp., $2.50). **Haig-Brown (R. L.)**, Starbuck valley winter (N.Y., William Morrow, vi, 310 pp., $2.00). **Heighington (Wilfrid)**, The cannon's mouth (Toronto, Forward Publishing Co., 368 pp., $3.00). **Innis (M. Q.)**, Stand on a rainbow (Toronto, Collins, vi, 290 pp., $2.50). **Knox (O. E.)**, By paddle and saddle (Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 270 pp., $1.75). **McDowell (F. D.)**, Forges of freedom (Toronto, Macmillan, xvi, 542 pp., $3.50). **Merrill (Marion)**, Treasure cave trail: an adventure of the young Billings (N.Y., William Morrow; Toronto, McClelland, 160 pp., $2.35). **Millar (Margaret)**, Wall of eyes (N.Y., Random House; Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 243 pp., $2.50). **Raddall (T. H.)**, The pied piper of Dipper Creek and other tales (Toronto, McClelland, viii, 332 pp., $2.50). **Stringer (Arthur)**, Star in a mist (Indianapolis, N.Y., Bobbs-Merrill; Toronto, McClelland, 312 pp., $3.00). **White (S. A.)**, Northwest patrol (N.Y., Phoenix Press, 254 pp., $2.00).

III. REMAINING MATERIAL — THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

This essay, which has presented its usual desperate problem of organization, is divided into three sections. The first is devoted to works bearing on literature and the arts in Canada. The second reviews books which fall in the area of the social sciences, the more technical studies being assigned to Professor Brady, and the more popular, together with narratives of the war, to Mr Philip Child.[1] The third section deals with the miscellaneous prose literature of the year.

I

In Mr A. J. M. Smith's *Book of Canadian Poetry: A Critical and Historical Anthology* and Professor E. K. Brown's *On Canadian Poetry*, the year 1943 saw the two most important contributions to the history and criticism of Canadian literature yet made.[2] Both are the work of Canadian scholars (Mr Brown from Toronto, and Mr Smith from McGill) who have supplemented their Canadian training by study in two of the great centres of European learning and by teaching in the United States, so that they bring to their tasks an outlook and a standard which are much more than merely local or national. It is not before a wider outlook and a higher standard are needed. With two or three notable exceptions, most of them in the division of poetry, our literature has been alarmingly

[1] Their contributions are clearly designated as they occur.

[2] Reviewed in the QUARTERLY for January, 1944.

lacking in real distinction, and its historians, critics and anthologists, again with one or two honourable exceptions, have certainly manifested the dyer's hand subdued to that it works in. Their response (to vary the image) to the more or less flat surface which is Canadian literature has been of two kinds: some of them have magnified every mole-hill into a mountain, while others have lamented the rarity even of respectable mole-hills, setting it all down with monotonous reiteration to the presence of the colonial spirit and the absence of financial support; and it is not easy to say which of the two responses is the more provincial, uncritical, and of necessity utterly unproductive. What is required is a resolute effort to see the object as in itself it really is, a refusal to praise or blame intemperately or to resort to partial or conventional explanations, and the applying, on the one hand, of recognized methods of historical research and, on the other, of a critical standard which would not in the general republic of letters seem irrelevant or absurd. Because they rise, on the whole, securely to this demand, these two books are an achievement and a promise for the future.

In avowed intention both are critical rather than historical. Mr Smith writes:

> The main purpose . . . is to illustrate in the light of a contemporary and cosmopolitan literary consciousness the broad development of English-Canadian poetry from its beginnings . . . to its renewal of power in the revolutionary world of today . . . . No extended effort . . . has been made to focus a direct beam upon social, political or economic background. Yet if the reader is not helped to understand that background a little more clearly by the indirect evidence afforded even by "pure" poetry, this book will have fallen short of complete success.

It has not fallen short. But it suggests another task, inappropriate indeed to an anthology, but waiting to be essayed: the task of making the background throw light on the poetry and its fortunes. Mr Brown goes further and seems to repudiate historical interest altogether:

> This is not an historical enquiry but a critical essay. I have tried to answer three questions . . . : What are the peculiar difficulties that have weighed upon the Canadian writer? . . . What Canadian poetry remains alive and in some degree formative? . . . How have the masters of our poetry achieved their success, and what are the kinds of success they have achieved?

The three questions are indeed answered with precision and insight. The first answer carries Mr Brown beyond poetry to the

conditions of Canadian authorship in general, and necessitates a type of analysis which has more in common with the historical than the critical process. The second answer is given in the form of a rapid chronological survey of Canadian poetry from its beginnings to the present day, and represents literary history of a more restricted but still an admirable and necessary kind. Only in the third answer is the historical process wholly abandoned. We apologize for thus cavalierly telling our foremost critic what he is about; but we too have our duty to perform. Perhaps the moral is that the processes are in two cases out of three indispensable to each other. It is a question merely of which shall predominate. And part of the hope for the future which these two books hold forth lies precisely in their indication, avowed or reluctant, of the work waiting to be done in the history of Canadian literature and, beyond that, of Canadian culture, and their exemplification of method.

One may expect that Mr Smith will himself provide us with a companion anthology, historical and critical, of Canadian prose, for which there is abundant material, and a pressing need. And one can readily envisage, as companion studies to Mr Brown's, volumes on Canadian fiction and non-fictional prose. For these his opening chapter supplies a general introduction which will not require to be repeated, while his historical survey and his discussion of the "masters" furnish a method of procedure which should, with modification, be applicable to these other forms. Then, extending the enquiry beyond literature, why should there not be other volumes on painting and music, a survey of humanistic education in Canada, and finally some account of the influence of religion in Canadian life? (It is impossible to mention the last two subjects without gratefully recalling the pioneer work undertaken in them by the late Sir Robert Falconer.) Nor may the time be far distant when the resources of different university departments begin to be pooled for a systematic investigation of Canadian twofold culture in terms of inheritance, British and American, and French, and of the modifications imposed upon the original inheritance by the Canadian environment. This, clearly, is a venture, or a series of ventures, which demands the co-operation of the humanities and the social sciences. Doubtless success depends primarily not upon organization but upon the efforts of individual scholars. Still organization can speed the good work; and it is perhaps encouraging

to observe that late in 1943 the humanities achieved in the newly founded Canadian Humanities Research Council the type of organization already for some years enjoyed by the social sciences. For either Council to confine its attention to the Canadian field would be stultifying, and fortunately the range of subject-matter included in the humanities makes this quite impossible. But among the joint-projects which the two Councils can co-operate to foster none is more important than studies in the history and the present condition of cultural life in Canada.

Of actual achievement in the history and criticism of Canadian literature it would be surprising if there were anything very significant to record beyond the work of Messrs Smith and Brown and Miss E. M. Pomeroy's *Sir Charles G. D. Roberts*, the last-named the subject of a critique by Professor Pelham Edgar (QUARTERLY, October, 1943) to which we have no word to add. Mr Lorne Pierce's pleasant memorial lecture on Marjorie Pickthall throws some light on the poetess and the variety of romantic sensibility which she cultivated, and wisely abandons extravagant claims for its importance or hers. An attractive reprinting of the parts of Mrs Jameson's *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles* (1838) descriptive of the Canadian scene has some interest for the student of our society a century ago and serves to recall a visitor who would certainly find a place in any historical anthology of Canadian prose. The introduction, supplied by the two editors, is brief and not very illuminating. The *Autobiography* of Oliver Goldsmith, recovered and edited by Father Myatt, has more to say of conditions of travel, and of the army commissariat, than of the author's poetic interests and his one notable work, *The Rising Village;* nor has it any particular merit as autobiography. But limited as are its interest and value, it is proper that the *Autobiography* should be made available to students. It ought to be followed by a careful historical study of *The Rising Village and Other Poems* and an effort to reconstruct the rudimentary literary society of those early days. Inevitably in the literature of a community emerging from frontier conditions journalism plays a large part; and Dr Dafoe's address, *Sixty Years in Journalism*, is a sad reminder of the store of information, as well as wisdom, which has perished with the passing of its distinguished author. In the history of the Canadian press and editorial writing which some day must be undertaken, the work of John W. Dafoe will form, it needs not saying, the sub-

ject of an important chapter. The place of the Indian among the formative influences on Canadian letters and art is as yet far from clear. But Mr Smith thought it worth while to commence his anthology with a group of translations of Indian songs and from time to time such investigators as Mr Marius Barbeau and Mr Charles Clay add to the English reader's knowledge of Indian story, while Miss Emily Carr calls words to the aid of canvas in bringing home to us the essence of Indian life. This year, in an attractively produced volume, *The Indian Speaks*, Mr Barbeau has drawn on hitherto unprinted sources in the National Museum, and on the published French accounts of Father Petitot and others, for a group of Indian stories and poems which make fascinating reading. One of them, called by Mr Barbeau, "No Pleasure," we had encountered long ago in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for (if memory serves) the year 1760. Several of the stories record the impact of Christianity and the white man's civilization on the Indian mind. The book is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts in black and white, by Miss Grace Melvin, which harmonize admirably with the tone, simple, yet imaginative, of the text.

On books about the arts in Canada, Mr Donald Buchanan has kindly furnished us with this note:

"The most ambitious volume to appear in this field for many years is *Canadian Art* by William Colgate. In its 278 pages, most artists of past generations appear to have been mentioned. The style is competent enough, but the lack of consistent and firm critical judgments detracts from the value of the book. The author also has a tendency to write at length about unimportant people, and not to write enough about those who are important. For example, James Wilson Morrice (1865-1924), who achieved international fame, and who stands among the most original of all our painters, is given only about one-half page of space, while someone called Antoine Falardeau (1823-99), who made copies in Italy after Correggio and Salvator Rosa, receives more than a page of biographical notice. As an encyclopedia of Canadian artists and art societies, this book has a certain place. But it is not a definitive or even a well-measured history. In its section on contemporary movements there are some curious omissions. The author does not give a word to the unusual talents of David Milne, nor does he mention the newer group of French-Canadian artists in Montreal, including Pellan and Borduas.

"Some of these present-day artists, forgotten by Colgate, have however been awarded recognition in the catalogue, *Aspects of Contemporary Painting in Canada*, prepared for the exhibition of Canadian art which the curators of the Addison Gallery, Andover, Massachusetts, assembled late in 1942. The choice of artists made by these Americans came as a surprise to many Canadians. Paintings by members of the former 'Group of Seven' just managed to creep into the selection, which was weighed heavily in favour of more recent and less nationalist aspects of our art. The abstractionist studies by Borduas in Montreal and certain so-called 'primitive' compositions by untutored villagers in rural Quebec were given special prominence. The illustrations in the catalogue are good, and there are also articles by Martin Baldwin and Marcel Parizeau.

"A new volume by Marius Barbeau in the Canadian Art Series is entitled *Côté, the Wood Carver*. Varied judgments exist on the merits of this man's carving. Some of it seems to be not much above the merit of good peasant handicraft, yet on the other hand the statues which he did for the facade of the church at Ste. Famille can be clearly ranked as sculpture. These were executed with a definite feeling for robust form and architectural spacing. Most of the meagre information we possess about the life of Côté we owe to diligent research by Dr Barbeau. Of special interest is his account of the satirical broadsheet, *La Scie*, which Côté published about 1865-6, and which contained crude but effective wood-cuts, lampooning politicians and civil servants.

"The small booklet, *Banting as an Artist*, by A. Y. Jackson, is in the nature of a memoir. It is concerned mainly with recollections of the sketching trips which the late Sir Frederick Banting and the author took together. As an amateur painter, Banting was a diligent follower of Jackson, and his fairly copious production was for the most part completely imitative of his artist friend's approach to landscape.

"Sir Ellesworth Flavelle, in his book *Photography, a Craft and a Creed*, reveals himself to be a moderately excellent photographer. His compositions, however, are mostly devoid of human faces and of man in action. The emphasis is on distant views of yachts and on the transient effects of sun and cloud upon picturesque fragments of landscape and of buildings."

The art of the theatre, heretofore widely practised in Canada, has virtually disappeared in the fourth year of the war. In this

connection we append a brief note supplied by Mr W. S. Milne to replace his accustomed survey of Canadian Drama. He writes:

"Another casualty of the war is Canadian Drama, for the very good reason that drama depends on the theatre for its existence, and the people who were active in the Canadian theatre, as producers, actors or audiences, are for the present otherwise engaged. Only five scripts were submitted to us as having been produced in 1943.

"Lister Sinclair's 'Real Art Portrait' is witty dialogue in the manner of a Shavian disciple, in which a voluble Da Vinci is turning an equally voluble sitter with a squint into the *Mona Lisa* while prophesying the invention of the camera, an instrument which is to free artists of the necessity of verisimilitude. It is good fun, and clever chatter, but that is as far as it goes.

"John Coulter, the Irish dramatist who wrote the charming 'House in the Quiet Glen,' submits three scripts presented during 1943. 'Transit through Fire' has been heard on the radio, for it is the libretto commissioned by the C.B.C. for music by Healey Willan. Through a series of flashbacks it tells the story of a university graduate of the depression years, his high ideals, his discouragements, and finally, with the coming of the war, his feeling that he has a job to do at last. I cannot help feeling that a simpler treatment would have had more power. Opera is not a very satisfactory medium for ideas, unless they are well clothed in action.

"Another Coulter novelty is the Christmas 'improvisation' on two mediaeval themes, 'The Fiddling Hind,' told in dialogue, mime and music. This is good fun, but any satisfactory production of it would owe more to the producer than the writer.

"Mr Coulter's third script is the elaborate full-length biographical play, 'Mr Churchill of England.' In fourteen impressive scenes, employing some thirty actors plus crowds and a battery of off-stage effects, Mr Coulter presents a series of key-episodes in the Prime Minister's life, starting in 1901, and ending with the 'never surrender' speech of 1940. The episodes are to be presented on a stage with four playing areas: a forestage, and three inner stages on platforms. The scenes are well chosen, the dialogue pertinent and crisp. Mr Coulter is probably at his best when he deals with his own Irish in the Dublin scene of 1912. Some of the play seems better adapted to radio than to the stage."

Since it is consciously keyed to the situation in Canada and its needs, one may properly notice in this section a work on education, *The Modern Secondary School*, by Alexander B. Currie, of the Department of Education at McGill. This "essay toward co-operative humanism" is a Canadian example, and an interesting one, of the kind of work represented in England and America by Sir Richard Livingstone's *Education for a World Adrift* and Mr Mark Van Doren's *Liberal Education*. It realizes that the secondary school at any given moment contains a minority of "students," and a majority of "learners"—some of whom can by wise teaching be aided to become students. The problem of organization is to devise a scheme which, operated by effective teachers, shall do full justice to both classes while attempting everything possible to increase the numbers of the first. For all its pupils, but especially for those not destined for college or university, the secondary school must do more than provide knowledge or teach techniques: it can and must be a school for life and educate, not the intellect merely, but the whole man. Such a doctrine, which is not in itself at all new, very easily becomes a pious platitude, an exalting of the average, and a refuge of anti-intellectualism. Mr Currie, it is gratifying to see, avoids the first and last dangers; and, so far from exalting the average, he insists that equality means only equality of opportunity and that health in a democracy depends on the means which it develops of selecting special ability and fostering it. The introductory chapter opens up the "perspectives" in which the author views his subject, and brings it into close relation with the Canadian scene. The chapter (as indeed the whole book) is strongly—perhaps a little uncritically—"nationalist" in tendency. But it insists on all that is to be learned from the British and the American traditions in culture and in secondary education, and also the French. Indeed the first chapter is itself a thoughtful and penetrating essay on the subject which we had occasion to mention above, Canada's varied cultural inheritance and the modifications suggested in it by the practical demands and possibilities of Canadian life. Another work in education, *Doctor in the Making*, by Arthur W. Ham and M. D. Salter, is without this philosophic range and interest, but contains simple lessons in self-understanding which might well prove useful to more than medical students.

II

In the part of this section devoted to more or less technical studies in the field of the social sciences, Professor Brady notices the effect of the war in a marked falling off in the number of the volumes appearing. In the more popular works one recognizes a different effect, an increased orientation towards the war, international relations, and the post-war world, with special emphasis on Canada.

Among books on the international scene during and between the two wars nothing more informative and judicious has ever come our way than *This Age of Conflict, 1914-1943*, by Frank P. Chambers, Christina P. Grant and Charles C. Bayley, two of whom may (with a little latitude) be claimed as Canadian writers. The first part (roughly 115 pages) covers, with the insight that one remembers in Mr Chambers' *War Behind the War*, the struggle of 1914-18. The second part (360 pages) carries us through the twenties, the period of settlement, from the peace treaties to the end of the Locarno era, with chapters on the League, reparations, the Weimar republic, the establishment of the Soviet state, the rise of Fascism, the French system of alliances, the difficulties of Great Britain and the Empire, American isolationism, the Near East (in considerable detail), the Chinese civil war and the rise of modern Japan, and, finally, security and disarmament. The third part (of almost equal length) covers the thirties, the period of crisis, with chapters on the world economic depression, the rise of Nazism and the reactions of its foreign policy in Europe, the Sino-Japanese war, the Italo-Ethiopian war, the Spanish civil war, the Southwest Pacific, the Roosevelt era in the Americas, the rule of Stalin, the political turmoil in France, the Baldwin-Chamberlain era, and the approach of war. The fourth part moves in rapid summary (less than 40 pages) over the first three years of the present conflict. There are nine Appendices, dealing with special topics, and printing such documents as the Covenant of the League, and a selected and critical Bibliography of some four hundred titles. The deceptively slim volume runs to over 950 pages, and is equally an indispensable work of reference and a book to read through with unflagging interest.

This Age of Conflict is a triumph of organization. It manages to convey a very large amount of exact and detailed information

while preserving with complete clarity the sense of dominant issues and significant relations. It is first of all a study in international affairs, but since these stem from, or are constantly modified by, the internal conditions and needs of the various countries, it dwells at length on these and actually affords an excellent survey of events in each major division of the contemporary world. While sceptical of ideologies as motives of action, and especially of foreign policy, it can yet on occasion analyse them with insight and precision. The commonplace grounding of the philosophy of Nazism in the Romantic movement achieves a new suggestiveness as one reads (p. 550):

> The Romantic movement in Germany . . . took a unique form and represented the discarding of [what for the Germans was] an artificial habit, and the reversion to a more indigenous, primordial state. In discarding classicism Germany discarded . . . also all those qualities of reason, intellectual self-discipline and good taste with which the centuries of classical learning had indoctrinated the Western world. The Romantic movement in France or England resulted more in the enrichment and stimulation of a basic classical culture; in Germany it produced an intoxicant ultimately destructive of such culture as she had. Nazism, the final reductio of the Romantic movement in Germany, appeared as a force opposed to all the commonly accepted values of Western civilization. Nazism, to be sure, *used* civilization, but used it not as an ethos but as a technique.

It would be highly misleading to present this as a typical sample of the book. But it is typical at least in the impression which it gives of a mastery of its subject and a cutting through to the essentials whatever they may be, political, economic or ideological. We commend *This Age of Conflict* to every reader who wishes to revive his memory of recent years and to sharpen his sense of their meaning and direction.

In lesser measure the same results can be had by reading Professor Soward's briefer and much slighter volume, *Twenty-five Troubled Years, 1914-1943.* This is quite definitely and consciously an effort of popularization, and it is well that such work should be undertaken by one like Mr Soward, who has made a special study of the subject which he is to present to the man (how shall we say?) beside the radio. To the audience for whom it is intended the book will bring information and a sound judgment on events. But we cannot honestly say that Mr Soward's skill as a writer of narrative appears to us as great as the skill in portraiture which made his *Moulders of National Destinies*, addressed to the same audience, so deservedly popular.

With narratives of the present war Mr Philip Child commences his contribution to this survey.

"Edgar McInnis, in the fourth volume of *The Oxford Periodical History of the War*, records the turning of the tide at El Alamein and Stalingrad, and the consequent seizure by the Allies of the strategic initiative for the first time in this war. He analyses the pattern underlying the swayings back and forth of the armies locked in struggle, which often seem so obscure when reported contemporaneously by radio and daily paper. Such passages as his calm but vividly concrete narrative of the battles of El Alamein or his account of the means by which the Russians mastered the problem of mobility under winter conditions in their great winter campaign, by their very restraint invite the imagination to picture the desperate efforts, the heroisms, the failures of body or of spirit, and the endurances beyond exhaustion which lie behind the headlines of a battle won or lost.

"The two encounters of the Canadian army with the enemy before the Sicilian campaign are dealt with in books written by eye-witnesses. In *Glorious Chapter*, Wallace Reyburn, a Canadian war correspondent, reports the action at Dieppe as he saw it develop from his first landing at Pourville beach with the South Saskatchewan Regiment. The narrative is swift, competent, and sincerely felt by the writer; the observant eye and ear of the good journalist are evident in many details that carry conviction to the reader: the alarm clock going off in a Frenchman's house at the height of the battle; the bagpipes snarling into silence when a shell fragment hits the bag; the French boy asking for more copies of our proclamation to civilians, because of the local shortage of toilet paper. Weighing his words judiciously, the author essays to justify the necessity of the Dieppe raid in force. . . . *Underground from Hongkong*, by Benjamin A. Proulx, a Canadian by birth but for many years a resident in Hongkong, tells with forthright simplicity of braveries, and also of those horrors which used to be called unspeakable but which are now well rubbed into the texture of our thoughts. This is not a book by a professional writer, but it has the kind of reality in it that needs no art to make it strike home to the reader. He writes: 'In a matter of hours the Japs would rush the Hotel. Hoping the women and children, being non-combatants, would be spared, we evacuated all military forces—a desperate gamble, but we had no choice. There could be no good-

byes—panic might mean disaster. I left my family with a casual See you later!—and have not seen them since . . . .' He tells of leading a file of French-Canadian soldiers from a beleaguered hotel by way of a tunnel, and of how in the darkness—

> I tripped over a small pile of bricks and pitched forward on my face . . . . It was at this moment when I put out my right hand to raise myself, that I felt something metallic on the floor. My fingers traced it and I recognized the shape. It was a crucifix . . . . I turned around to the man behind me, a French-Canadian soldier, and pressed the grimy little crucifix into his hand. "Feel that!" I whispered in French. His excitement made a kind of shiver in the dark of the tunnel. The crucifix was passed back from man to man. I heard whispers that carried a note of exultation. There was an unseen lifting of heads in the tunnel and a squaring of shoulders and a cocky shifting of guns.

"During the year other books of personal reminiscences have appeared, each of them fitting a small piece into the pattern of this universal struggle. In *Malta Spitfire* the Canadian ace George Beurling writes, in collaboration with Leslie Roberts, of the great air battles over the Mediterranean. As Air Marshall Bishop remarks in a foreword, Flying Officer Beurling is an individualist. During his training he performed such japes as coming down low over workmen in the fields, pulling up suddenly and blowing their caps off with his slip-stream. Even then he was too good a pilot to kill anyone unintentionally (unless some of his victims died of heart failure). On his graduation this notation was inscribed by the authorities in his log book (he records it with the glee of a freshman recounting an interview with the Dean of Arts): 'To be useful as a Service Pilot he should cultivate a sense of responsibility.' That Beurling, not yet twenty-one, did cultivate a responsibility towards his job as a fighting pilot is proved by a war record which, to Canadians, speaks for itself . . . . *Free Trip to Berlin* is Isabel Russell Guernsey's account of her adventures after being torpedoed aboard the *Zamzam* in 1941. Mrs Guernsey was taken to Germany in a prison ship; saw the inside of several jails and an internment camp, where she was well treated; and for nine months, while awaiting repatriation, was permitted to go about Berlin freely. Her pen pictures of Germans are interestingly written. Most of those Germans of whom she tells turn out to be members, not of the Gestapo, but of the human race, and she testifies to the simple fact that many of them went out of their way to show her kindness. Mrs Guernsey had an observant

feminine eye for little details of German life, which she describes with humour and without distortion; she does not, however, venture to generalize very much about the spirit of wartime Germany . . . . In *Adrift! the Story of Twenty Days on a Raft in the South Atlantic*, J. H. Hunter pieces together the personal narrative of a missionary, Mrs Ethel Bell, who suffered shipwreck in modern style through the agency not of the elements but of a submarine, and who desires to tell her story as a testimony of her sincere belief that 'the merciful care and protection of God' brought her safely through the perils of the sea.

"Along with books about this World War there is a book which ironically considers the desirability of war as a permanent blessing for mankind. *The Permanent War*, by Lorne T. Morgan, is a rare phenomenon in Canadian letters, a satire on man, that product of red clay, and on man's economic institutions. Mr Morgan, a new Adam in a new Garden of Eden who gives his own names to the beasts of the field, calls mankind, in his subtitle, *Homo the Sap*. The author is a professor of political economy and is therefore able to mobilize a formidable array of statistics in satiric defence of the thesis that permanent war is necessary to the successful operation of our present economic system. Corporation profits, we are told, disclose the stimulating effect of war upon business; war 'hurled prosperity at the American farmer'; and it 'catapulted' many countries 'from the depths of depression to the dizzy heights of prosperity.' *The Permanent War* is a clever and stimulating book. It has sold well and has even aroused a certain amount of controversy—and reasonable controversy is not without its usefulness. There have been some readers who have asserted with vague uneasiness that the book is 'too clever by half.' There have been still others who have more precisely asserted that the book is 'too clever by a quarter—a missing quarter,' the missing quarter being Communism which is not satirized along with its confrères Capitalism, Socialism, and Fascism. There have even been some readers who have been willing to overlook the absence of a Communist 'quarter' of satire and even to swallow the Capitalist quarter without a grimace, because of their pleasure at seeing Socialism belaboured. The Fascists have not yet replied officially to Mr Morgan's satire . . . . Is it futile to hope that Mr Morgan will now sit down to write an equally clever sequel about the missing quarter, Communism? His satire of *Homo the Sap* will not emerge as com-

pletely saprophytic until he does so. Do, Mr Morgan! But if you write it, please remember that many thousands of Russian Communists are dying in a manner that is beyond the reach of satire. And when you rewrite *The Permanent War* for the many editions which homo the public sap will call for, could you perhaps say somewhere (and not mean it satirically) that human beings who die in battle, fighting against a barbarism that believes in government by mass slaughter—that such men, whether they be Communists, Capitalists or Socialists, have 'reached peaks of . . . self-sacrifice and unity of public spirit' which are beyond satire?

"We turn now from books about war to books and pamphlets which are concerned directly or indirectly with the making of peace, or with post-war reconstruction.

"Most people agree that we are fighting this war in order to make a state of peace possible. War, as Mr Morgan points out satirically, does bring a certain unity to a nation; 'peace' on the other hand is a state of compromise, sometimes precarious, in which nations and individuals have discovered at least temporarily a mode of composing differences without bloodshed, by means of working agreements. This year, in the midst of war, many writers have turned their attention to the problems of the peace which we hope is to follow a military victory. That writers should consider these problems betimes is only prudence. The cleavage of opinion with respect to those social and political problems whose solution has been held in abeyance during the war, is, however, so sharp that it does not augur well for compromise or working agreement. At one extreme there are those who regard the war as being fought for the preservation of the *status quo*, economic, social and political; at the other extreme there are those who regard this war as a prelude to the class war. If either of these extremes had its way in the making of the peace, we should find that we had fought for a peace to end peace. Fortunately for the hope of a peaceful issue out of our afflictions there are a great many writers who envisage the possibility of compromise and a middle way between extremes.

"There are several books which deal with what will be specifically Canadian problems in the period after the war. A book and a pamphlet deal with what is called the French-Canadian problem in Ontario—and, no doubt, the English-Canadian problem in Quebec. *French Canada* is by Stanley B. Ryerson, whose father was a descendant of Egerton Ryerson and who on his mother's

side is descended from Bréhaut de Lisle, who came to Quebec in 1636. This book deals, from the point of view of a Communist, with the problem of Canadian unity as it is affected by the special interests, grievances and beliefs of Quebec. The historical background of unrest in Quebec is viewed from the standpoint of historical materialism, and the author's solution for present problems is along communistic lines. There is much that is controversial in the book, though Mr Ryerson is not a blatant doctrinaire. In labour movements, the author is deeply concerned to support labour unionization against corporatism, and as a Labour Progressive he advocates united political action by Communists and the C.C.F. (He is unlikely to get it!) To quote: 'A vitally important pre-condition for independent political action by labor is the achievement of united action by the C.C.F. and the Communists, in whose ranks the most politically advanced French-Canadian workers are to be found.' But he is antagonistic to the right-wing of the C.C.F. 'headed by Professor Frank Scott.' He accuses that group of conducting 'a subtle political flirtation with the corporatist group around *Le Devoir*' (we do not believe that Professor Scott would acquiesce in this version of C.C.F. activities). Mr Ryerson adds, 'It is only necessary to recall the Bloc's open advocacy of the fascist corporate state, and its venomous campaign of disruption of the war effort, to realize how harmful is the tendency Scott is promoting within the C.C.F. It is significant that an integral part of this tendency is a pronounced anti-communist hysteria.' We do not intend to rake over old embers of controversy, but we cannot help recalling a time before Russia entered the war when a leftist weekly, bearing at its masthead a slogan that did lip service to democracy, had no good to say about the motives for waging war of the democratically elected governments of Britain and Canada. . . . . *Jack and Jacques*, by Wilfrid Sanders, is described in its subtitle as 'a scientific approach to the study of French and non-French thought in Canada.' The forty-six pages of this pamphlet tabulate and discuss the answers received by 'the Gallup Poll' to various questionnaires. If we take the results of such questionnaires seriously, then the answers to the following questions should give us to think. French Canadians were asked: 'What do you like most about English Canadians?' Eighteen per cent (the largest group) answered, 'Nothing.' The next largest group answered, 'Politeness, good manners, diplomacy.' A similar

question about French Canadians addressed to English Canadians elicited the answers, 'Friendly, sociable, courteous, gay' from nineteen per cent, and 'Nothing' from the next largest group. What the largest group of French Canadians (thirty-six per cent) dislikes most about English Canadians is our 'arrogant, superior, domineering, egotistic attitude.' On the other hand eighteen per cent of English Canadians (the largest group) say that what they dislike most about French Canadians is their 'bigotry, religion, clerical domination' . . . . Watson Kirkconnell's pamphlet *Our Ukrainian Loyalists* defends one group of Canadian Ukrainians and impugns the loyalty of another group. Raymond Arthur Davies in *This Is Our Land* takes issue with him. Both assert the enthusiastic loyalty of the great majority of Ukrainians.

"David Lewis and Frank Scott, the National Secretary and the National Chairman of the C.C.F. party, have written *Make This* YOUR *Canada: A Review of C.C.F. History and Policy*. In a foreword to the book, Mr Coldwell, National President of the party and its leader in the House of Commons, explains that though this book 'is not a formal party statement but is, rather, the authors' personal conception of our movement's place and philosophy, it nevertheless presents a faithful outline of the principles, history and organization of the C.C.F.' Mr Coldwell outlines four important assertions which are made on behalf of the C.C.F. in the book:

> The first is the striking way in which the movement has grown out of the development of Canadian capitalism and Canadian democratic traditions . . . . [The authors] outline the development of our capitalistic system and assess its accomplishments and its failures in the pre-war years . . . . The second important idea developed . . . is the thoroughly democratic nature of our movement . . . . The third important idea is the consistency and relevance of the C.C.F. programme under changing conditions . . . . Finally the authors present an extensive outline of the measures which a C.C.F. government would introduce immediately on coming to power. Things may not, of course, happen in precisely the way the authors describe, but the outline itself is evidence of the concrete thinking which leading people in the C.C.F. are doing. The favorite taunt of our opponents that we are merely visionary receives its answer.

Chapter 9, 'How Democracy in the C.C.F. Works,' is particularly interesting because it presents the party's analysis of its own system of arriving at party policy and its method of making nominations, and because it gives the C.C.F.'s judgment of the systems and methods in these respects of the Progressive Conservatives, Liberals

and Communists. Chapter 10, 'The C.C.F. Comes to Power,' is an attempt to outline a first-term programme for a C.C.F. government .... 'Since neither the time of coming into power nor the condition of the country can be known in advance, it is not possible to draw an exact blue-print.' To enact constitutionally even one-tenth of the changes envisaged in this chapter radical alterations in the British North America Act would have to be made. The Act might even have to be replaced by a new Canadian constitution. The authors recognize this fact, but they do not discuss adequately the difficulties that would have to be overcome before this preliminary step could be accomplished. They speak rather airily of 'calling a constituent convention to draw up the first truly Canadian constitution.' The difficulties facing such a convention would be great, though not necessarily insuperable; they are not to be dismissed by ignoring them. We have not the space in this review to enter into controversy concerning the debatable matters which are discussed, nor concerning the debatable matters related to C.C.F. policy which are *not* discussed, in *Make This* YOUR *Canada.* The auspices under which the book is written mark it as an important book. It should not be read with a closed mind .... Some of the same ground is covered in the pamphlet, *Reconstruction: The First Steps*, by Eugene Forsey, Director of Research, Canadian Congress of Labour, which endorses the C.C.F. politically.

"W. H. Moore's *When the Iron Is Hot* is not on the C.C.F.'s side of the fence. He defends capitalism from the charge that 'world Depression was brought about by the chaos of capitalism.' On the contrary, he believes that ill-considered government control of national economics was in great measure to blame for it by interfering with what he evidently holds are natural and ineluctable laws of economics. He thinks it is 'absurd to argue that because there are some industries under concentrated control all industry should be concentrated in the hands of a few men called Government.' He does not believe that democratic freedom could be preserved under socialistic government; and in this connection he remarks: 'Democratic government may refuse to sanction the principle of the closed shop (compulsory membership of unions or pools) for several reasons, but primarily on the principle of safety first; since, with a federation of closed shops involving the necessary things of life, the seat of government is transferred from the Cabinet of Parliament to the Council of the Federation. The

Fascist structure was erected on that very ground.' Perhaps this fear will prove justifiable, perhaps not. That would depend on the extent to which a government retained the power of vetoing labour proposals which were not in the interest of the people at large. It would depend also on the provision of constitutional safeguards, and on the ability of a government to withstand what might be the most powerful pressure-lobby in the country. This problem, by the way, is one of those which are conveniently overlooked in *Make This* YOUR *Canada*. The present writer has been told both by members of the Progressive Conservative party and by members of the C.C.F. that to make provision against this danger in the labour plank of a national party platform is not 'practical politics.' For this reason among others it seems 'good' politics to this reviewer, for his part, to join no party at present, but to keep a watchful eye on all of them.

Which Kind of Revolution? is by W. D. Herridge, the founder of the New Democracy party in Canada. This book, printed in the United States, does not address itself exclusively or indeed mainly to Canadian post-war problems. 'Early in 1939,' Mr Herridge writes,

> I founded in Canada a movement which I called the New Democracy. Its purpose was to unite all progressives behind the front for total use of our resources. There was nothing in this New Democracy but a simple thought .... But in September, 1939, war came to Canada. The movement of the New Democracy declared for total war; which meant, of course, total use of all resources. The enemies of the New Democracy did not so declare. There was the question of profits to consider, and the sanctity of the old economic system to maintain. When war came, I allowed the New Democracy to lie fallow. This was a great mistake. I knew that fear of Hitler would override opposition and force the economic system into total use of all resources. I had a lazy idea that this wartime use would ripen into a philosophy which would bring postwar total use. That was stupid of me. The bosses of the system never meant that total use should survive the war. They have always had it firmly in mind that when the war is won, Democracy will go back to the old system. But Democracy is not going back. The people are going the other way. Therefore, we must make sure that this forward march is orderly and peaceful. English-speaking Democracy must now devise a system of total use, or we shall march straight into a third world war.

While there is much that is interesting and provocative in Mr Herridge's generalizations about 'total use' they remain generalizations. 'The simple thought' of 1939 remains over-simplified in 1943.... *Of Things to Come*, the printed record of radio dis-

cussions over C.B.C. about post-war planning, attests the widespread interest in the subject, as does *Canada's Fundamental Reconstruction*, a pamphlet by William J. Deadman. *I Accuse*, by Watson Thomson, is an emotional discussion of the refugee problem and an indictment of Canadians for 'complicity in the most deliberate mass-murder in at least a thousand years of history.' Mr Thomson states that we have not done a tithe of what we should have done for refugees—and no doubt he is right.

"*The United Nations, Today & Tomorrow*, edited by Violet Anderson, consists of addresses given at the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs, Geneva Park, in August, 1943. A wide range of subjects is covered by an equally wide range of speakers. In most cases the papers are brief and topical. Part I deals with the long-term tasks of the United Nations, embracing the themes of 'full employment,' 'the promise of the Atlantic Charter' and 'a plan for world organization.' The three contributors in this part are Professor Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard, Paul Martin, M.P., and Mr Clark M. Eichelberger of New York. In Part II separate papers are given on 'The Fate of the Far East,' 'India and Self-government,' 'The Near East Yesterday and Today,' and 'France and the Fourth Republic.' Part III contains four papers, on Russia as an ally, on what is designated as modern appeasement, on Anglo-American relations, and on colonial and ethnic problems in the post-war world. All the addresses are lucid and have points of view to express. Moreover, they cohere more closely than might be expected in papers which are prepared without prior consultation. Altogether they constitute a highly useful little book for the general reader.

"We may notice here a number of pamphlets which deal with the general problem of 'winning the peace.' Perhaps the most interesting of these is *The Treatment of Post-War Germany*, edited by R. Flenley. It contains essays by three different writers, which deal respectively with 'The Economic Problem of Post-War Germany' (by Verax), 'The Political Settlement with Germany' (by R. A. MacKay), 'The Re-Education of Germany' (by Cecil Lewis). The *Moscow Conference* is discussed in a pamphlet with that title written by H. McD. Clokie. The points of the Atlantic Charter are considered in *Problems of World Reconstruction* by A. G. Dorland, W. L. G. Williams and Jerome Davis. *Canada and the World Tomorrow*, by W. L. Morton, is the report of the study conference

held in May, 1943, by the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. In *The Key Problem of the Peace* Alan George Kirkby advocates and discusses the uniting of European states, including Great Britain, into a federal state. *Are Empires Doomed?*, by Lionel Gelber, has as its subtitle the phrase, 'Imperialism and the People's War.' The author believes that in planning for a better world, a 'People's World'; the English-speaking peoples should remember 'that in their power, their imperial and world power, is lodged the cornerstone of their society. For to grasp at the shadow and scorn the substance may be to lose both.'

"There remain for mention several books and pamphlets about Canada or Newfoundland, which are not related either to the making of war or to the making of peace. *Britain and Canada*, by Gerald S. Graham, is a competently written sketch of the development of Canada's political status from the Treaty of Paris to the Statute of Westminster. *Newfoundland—Sentinel of the St. Lawrence*, by S. A. Saunders and Eleanor Back, compresses a good deal of information into twenty pages. *How New Brunswick Grew*, by Lillian M. B. Maxwell, is a medley of historical and statistical information, in pamphlet form. . . . Austin F. Cross, a parliamentary correspondent at Ottawa, quotes *Coriolanus* for a title and writes of 'the noble tribunes who are the people's mouths.' *The People's Mouths* is couched in a style that is often lively though sometimes merely jaunty. Perhaps from a desire to speak to the man in the street in 'the language of men in real life,' the author is occasionally guilty of lowering his style to the level of illiteracy, as in the following phrase: 'Only a man who could slough off his premiership like he can his shoes . . . .' To use a phrase of the author's this is 'the slap-on-the back approach.' ('No one would any more think of thumping Mr King's spinal column than winking at a girl during communion service,' writes Mr Cross.) In spite of these lapses the book has its merits. It contains information, as well as gossip, about the men of Parliament hill, back-benchers as well as 'noble tribunes' ('Jewels in King's Crown,' Mr Cross calls the latter). The advertisement on the dust cover calls the book 'an unofficial parliamentary guide' and 'a complete guide to the Canadian form of government.' The former is a justifiable claim; the latter certainly is not. Still *The People's Mouths* does give a vivid, if too chatty, newshawk's-eye view of men at work governing Canada. We quote one characteristic passage about back-benchers:

Again, the trouble is that most people expect every member of Parliament to be brilliant, witty, wise, and a great speaker. But there is no reason on earth why he should be any or all of these things. In the first place, the average member is sent to represent his constituency. Agreed, he has a roving mandate from the country at large. But in 99 cases out of 100, the member goes to Ottawa to speak for his own constituency and no other. That is what the member thinks he is sent to Ottawa to do; that is what the electors think he is sent to do. Now then if he is just an average representative, he will just be an average citizen, and therefore an average member . . . . The getting of a brilliant M.P. into Parliament is not something anybody sought; it is a lucky political accident.

But don't get me wrong. Not for a moment am I disparaging the intellectual equipment of our average M.P. He is just like all the rest of us, either a little smarter or a little stupider than the mob. Then, too, in one election a riding will have a brilliant exponent, a vigorous debater, and a spectacular personality. Next time, he will be succeeded by a man who never opens his mouth."

On more technical studies in the social sciences Professor Alexander Brady has contributed the ensuing paragraphs.

"The impact of the war upon the work of Canadian scholars is unmistakably revealed this year in the notable dwindling of significant books published in the field of social studies. Even of the few monographs which appeared, most had been started prior to the war. The industry of social scientists in wartime is, however, partly reflected in the varied reports which issue from Government bureaus and departments, notably in 1943 the *Report on Social Security for Canada* by Leonard Marsh.

"Volumes still continue to appear in the elaborate series devoted to the relations of Canada and the United States, sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The only volume this year by Canadians is a distinguished statistical study, *The American-Born in Canada*, by R. H. Coats and the late M. C. Maclean. This is a study of the presence and settlement of Americans in Canada, while in *The Canadian Born in the United States* Leon E. Truesdell of the United States Bureau of the Census analyses the Canadian-born element in the population of the United States. These two companion books, along with an earlier historical study in the same series, entitled *The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples*, constitute the most comprehensive and authoritative investigation of Canadian-American population that exists, or that is likely to exist for many years. *The American-Born in Canada* is a meticulous and lucid study of the census statistics and what such statistics have to tell. Very little other evidence is considered, except in the case of an im-

portant addendum on the day-to-day movements of people across the border, where immigration statistics are used. The exposition is admirable. The reader with no special statistical training can promptly obtain the important conclusions which clearly emerge from the solid phalanx of figures. Notable among the findings is the fact that not only are Americans distributed widely in Canada (they are the most widely distributed of the native-born of any foreign country), but they are remarkably even in their distribution. The American-born are found everywhere in Canada, but in no county or similar area are they more than a third of what would constitute a majority; in other words, they do not settle in blocs. This fact is in contrast with the settlement of Canadians in the United States. The study by Mr Leon Truesdell shows (p. 5) that in 1930 more than half the Canadian-born in the United States lived in twenty-three of the 3,100 counties within the Republic. Briefly, the Canadians congregate more in blocs, and their heaviest concentrations are in the New England States and along the northern border from New York westward. Significant also is the fact that the American-born in Canada are of various racial strains, and each tends to settle where its own strain is predominant. The tendency of the American-born to be of Canadian or British stock seems to indicate that there are other than economic reasons for their migration to Canada. Since their task is purely statistical analysis, Messrs Coats and Maclean do not attempt directly to answer the broad question of the social influence of the American-born. But their many figures indirectly suggest some answers. It is patent that the American-born in Canada are likely to have a greater influence upon the country of their adoption than the Canadian-born will have in the United States. Not merely are they more evenly and widely distributed, but they constitute a somewhat larger proportion of the immigrant people in the Dominion. Some 14.9 per cent of the immigrant population of Canada embraces persons born in the United States, while 9.1 per cent of the foreign-born population of the United States are of Canadian birth. The social influence of the American immigrants is reinforced by the daily cross-border movement, which is estimated, for 1931-2, at 162,000 per day. 'Certainly the average Canadian,' conclude our authors, 'is as familiar with an American as with a Canadian of another province. The influence is ubiquitous; it renews itself daily; it embraces all classes.'

"On two important volumes, the one on Canada's foreign relations, the other in constitutional law, it must suffice to refer the reader to detailed reviews in the *Quarterly* for July, 1943. These are R. M. Dawson's *Canada in World Affairs*, and E. A. Forsey's *The Royal Power of Dissolution of Parliament in the British Commonwealth*.

"The one political biography published in the year, *Sir Francis Hincks* by Professor R. S. Longley, is a painstaking narrative of the relations of Hincks to the political and economic developments of his day. Hincks, with an abundance of good judgment, was an important figure whose influence was long neglected; yet he was not one to inspire vivid biographical writing, and vividness is not a distinctive feature of Professor Longley's book. But the story is clearly and carefully told; the evidence in primary sources is meticulously scrutinized, and a gap in Canadian history is filled.

"*The Positive Side of John Graves Simcoe*, by Mattie M. I. Clark, is a well-written monograph which develops the thesis that Simcoe was a practical statesman with a large vision of the economic possibilities of Upper Canada and of the role which it might play in British imperial policy. 'It was economic imperialism that motivated his work far more than the sentimental imperialism' that is often attributed to him. If the long-term vision in large measure failed of realization, it was because of developments which could not be foreseen, the advent of the railway (which robbed the St Lawrence of its unique value) and the mighty tide of immigration into the United States (which left Upper Canada a thin fringe of settlement on the northern frontier of a great power). But meanwhile the vision dictated Simcoe's policy as to immigration, land-settlement and trade, laying the secure foundations of the less splendid future which is our present.

"A highly specialized monograph in commercial history is, *Fur: A Study in English Mercantilism, 1700-1775*, by Murray G. Lawson, with a foreword by Professor Harold A. Innis. The main theme of the book, originally undertaken as a doctoral dissertation in the University of California, is the relation of the English hat industry to the colonial fur trade during the mercantilist period before the American Revolution. It describes the rise of the hat industry, the efforts of the hatters to obtain favourable legislation, the source of England's fur within the period, the imperial regulations of the fur trade in the colonies, and the chief sources of

information on the subject. It contains an index with tables pertaining to English commerce, illustrating forcibly the importance of external trade in the eighteenth-century English economy. This monograph is of interest only to specialists, for whom it provides some added information on mercantilism prior to the American Revolution.

"In a volume entitled *The Spirit of American Economics*, Mr John F. Normano, in some 210 pages, surveys in an interesting fashion the development of economic ideas in the United States, and Professor A. R. M. Lower attempts, in less than thirty pages, to present a companion treatment for Canada. There is a notable contrast between the discussions of the two authors, not in scholarly competence, but in the fact that Mr Normano has a large and varied literature to draw upon, extending back to the economic writings of Benjamin Franklin, while Professor Lower is obviously cramped in having to rely upon a very thin theoretical literature. It is this circumstance which doubtless makes Professor Lower's essay less a discussion of economic ideas in themselves than a broad survey of Canadian developmental policies, embracing political and national concepts. Inevitably his essay is concerned with the problems of nationalism: the pull and tug between French and English Canadians, and the contest between the economic interests centred solely in Canada and those which would derive benefit from internationalism, continentalism and economic imperialism. Professor Lower, lucid and suggestive as usual, is much too restricted in space to add to our knowledge on the subject.

"A significant book on anthropology, *The North American Indian Today*, edited by the late Professor C. T. Loram of Yale and Professor T. F. McIlwraith of Toronto, consists of papers submitted to a conference at Toronto, in September, 1939, by about thirty Canadian and American scholars and administrators. It deals with the principal features of life among the North American Indians, including such topics as the impact of Europe upon the Indian, the Indian and the missionary, the Indian and government, the problem of land and economics, the issue of health among the Indians, and the problems of education. Despite the large number of contributors, the volume reflects a reasonable unity. Although it is perhaps designed to raise rather than to answer questions conclusively, it contains in an appendix some general resolutions and cautious conclusions drawn from the discussions of

the conference. In these discussions the criticism of government policies in Canada is much too mild.

"A number of studies deal with the problems of public policy when the present war ends, or even before it ends. In *Discharged*, Robert England describes and comments fully on the civil re-establishment of veterans in Canada. The author, who is the Executive Secretary of the Dominion Advisory Committee on Rehabilitation and the first Director of Canadian Legion Educational Services, delineates the practices followed during and after the last war, and then deals in detail with the machinery and measures of the present. One of the notable developments, which he discusses with special zeal, is the attempt to provide educational services for the man in uniform, with the double purpose of enhancing his morale while in service and preparing him for the critical period of adjustment which follows his discharge. This book contains all the essential information on the subject, clearly marshalled, and fully documented by reference to the acts, orders in council and other sources. Prolixity is perhaps its major defect (it extends to 460 pages without inclusion of the index), but the seeker of plain information is likely to be reasonably satisfied with it, and it usefully supplements the other volumes on post-war policies published during the year.

"The *Report on Social Security for Canada*, prepared by Dr L. C. Marsh for the Advisory Committee on Reconstruction, is a public document intended to be the counterpart for Canada of the contemporary Beveridge Report in Great Britain. Like the Beveridge Report, it is a product of that urge to make the democratic state, now struggling for survival, into a greater agency for social insurance, and thus to give democracy a new and dynamic purpose. Dr Marsh in his report is particularly concerned with measures designed to meet those needs of individuals and families which arise when earnings are impaired or interrupted by unemployment, illness or accident, and when grim economic pressure is exerted by loss of support through disability or death. He also seeks to provide protection in those family contingencies connected with birth, death and marriage. The dominant influence of Sir William Beveridge is evident throughout, particularly in the acceptance of social insurance principles. But there is one notable contrast. Sir William Beveridge in his *Report* dealt with an elaborate structure of social services which had developed through-

out a generation; he was primarily concerned with methods of improvement and with achieving more symmetry and efficiency in the system. Dr Marsh, on the contrary, has the task of arguing for an elaborate social insurance in a country which has laid few foundations for such a structure, and in which special social and administrative difficulties will be met in its establishment.

"The central position of the Marsh recommendations is sharply challenged by Miss Charlotte Whitton in a book entitled *The Dawn of Ampler Life: Some Aids to Social Security*. She wishes to caution Canadians against slavishly following the precise pattern of social insurance created in Great Britain and suitable for that country, but not necessarily suitable for Canadian society. Canada, unlike Great Britain, is not highly industrialized and is not likely to be so in the near future. Over thirty per cent of the people here who require protection are "own workers"; such as shopkeepers, farmers and private artisans. Their needs are best served, not by a vast edifice of social insurance, but by what Miss Whitton calls the Social Utilities, supplemented in periods of personal misfortune by special social assistance. She would have the public spend generously upon the Social Utilities (schools, hospitals, sanatoria, institutions for special care and for children's services) rather than upon an unwieldy structure of social insurance that would dampen the initiative of individuals and create an immense bureaucracy. Miss Whitton is particularly critical of cash allowances for families instead of services in kind. A cash bonus of nine dollars per month per child under sixteen years would total into a large sum with no guarantee that it would be spent in the best manner to promote the health, nutrition, protection and education of the children in the nation. In *The Dawn of Ampler Life* Miss Whitton provides abundant food for thought, and she has particularly tried to make her prescriptions fit 'the character of this country and its people.'

"Another brief study of the problems of social service, clearly and vigorously argued, is *Social Security and Reconstruction in Canada*, by Professor Harry Cassidy of the University of California, and formerly Director of Social Welfare for the Province of British Columbia. In what he describes as "a reconnaissance survey of a very large problem," he covers in nine chapters a wide range of topics, such as the present social service system in Canada, the essential goals of social security, appraisal of the present system, the recommendations of sundry Dominion royal commissions, the

models abroad (American Social Security Act, New Zealand Social Security legislation, and the Beveridge Plan), a national programme of social security for Canada, and the administrative problems attendant thereon. Professor Cassidy leans more strongly than Miss Whitton to centralization because he is convinced that every branch of the social services impinges and depends upon others, and the only way to obtain a balanced system of social services is to throw final responsibility upon the Dominion. National leadership must be fostered throughout the whole social service field. Professor Cassidy makes a cogent plea for a more thorough study of social services in Canada, and contends, with no little justification, that, much as Canada in this matter has been influenced by her neighbour, she has not really kept abreast of the rapidly accumulating American experience. He remarks pertinently that the British system of unemployment assistance, recently condemned by Sir William Beveridge, was recommended by the National Employment Commission and the Rowell-Sirois Commission, without their recognizing as a possible alternative the much more successful national work-programme in the United States. There is need in Canada for much more comparative study of social legislation and institutions."

On the two remaining volumes in this field, in which Professor Brady himself appears as editor or contributor, Mr Ronald A. McEachern has kindly furnished the following note:

"*Canada after the War*, edited by Alexander Brady and F. R. Scott, and published under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, is a collection of ten papers that well merits the reading it will get from thoughtful Canadians. The introduction declares that the contributors 'have not been chosen because of any agreement in social philosophy but solely because it was considered that they have something significant to say. The book is not planned as an integrated programme, such as that which a pressure group or political party might presumably offer.' The reader, therefore, finds that quite a few of the authors want to take him somewhere, but most of them in different directions. Section One, on Political and Social Policies, has papers by B. S. Keirstead on 'National Policy,' Alexander Brady on 'Parliamentary Democracy,' F. R. Scott on 'The Constitution and the Postwar World,' Charlotte Whitton on 'Reconstruction of the Social Services,' and F. H. Soward on 'Canada and the World.' Section

Two, on Economic Policies, includes: D. C. MacGregor on 'The Project of Full Employment and its Implications,' J. F. Parkinson on 'Problems of International Economic Reconstruction,' F. A. Knox on 'Exchange Control during and after the War,' W. M. Drummond on 'Canadian Agriculture in the Post-war World,' and Francis Hankin on 'A Long-term Policy for Canadian Industry.'

"Unlike most collections of lectures, which are so often the product of a dozen economists or half-a-dozen historians or a clutch of disciples of some other special field of learning, *Reconstruction in Canada*, a series of ten lectures, edited by C. A. Ashley, is the work of men from diverse departments of the University of Toronto. An excellent result is that almost every reader, no matter what his own background, will here find something he did not know or had not thought about before. Another result is that here is simply a bundle of interesting and useful statements on important topics, rather than a co-ordinated plan for complete encirclement and envelopment of the subject of reconstruction. The lectures, generally, are marked by earnest realism as to the size of the problems ahead, and cautious optimism as to the hope of handling them successfully and wisely. The editor and the organizer of the series, Professor C. A. Ashley, does an introduction; the President of the University, Dr H. J. Cody, provides the finale. Lectures include: R. H. Coats on 'The General Economic Setting,' J. F. Parkinson on 'International Economic Collaboration,' Alexander Brady on 'Democratic Institutions,' A. F. Coventry on 'Soil and Water,' G. G. Cosens on 'Forest Resources,' R. F. Legget on 'Water, its Use and Control,' C. R. Young on 'Construction Projects,' S. K. Jaffary on 'The Social Services,' and E. R. Arthur on 'Housing and Town-planning.' "

III

Before turning to the narrative and descriptive writing of the year, something must be said of critical and scholarly work whose subject-matter is not Canadian, and of three or four books on religion.

Professor George Herbert Clarke has produced a *New Treasury of War Poetry, 1939-1943*, a welcome companion to his anthology in two series for the first world war. He includes poems by over eighty writers, for the most part English or American, but with a

few Canadians, and adds brief biographical notes and an introductory essay on poetry, war poetry, and the poetry which has emerged from the present struggle. Professor Henry Alexander has turned his knowledge of the Scandinavian languages and his skill as a translator to account in introducing to English readers Vilhelm Moberg's *Rid I Natt*. Though an historical novel set in the days of Queen Christina, *Ride this Night* is the work of a realist deeply preoccupied with the contemporary world, and the echoes which it sets up in the reader's mind of current agonies and heroisms are not fortuitous. Canadians may be grateful to such practitioners of the translator's art as Professor Alexander for making new riches available to them and for helping to break down the barriers erected by language between mind and mind.

Under the title of *Milton's Royalism*, Malcolm Mackenzie Ross has presented an original and stimulating study in Milton and his poetry. Its final object is to determine how far the imagery of the major poems corresponds to the basic pattern of Milton's political thought and feeling at the time of their composition and how far he is compelled to employ the language of a tradition, political and literary, which is at variance with that thought and feeling. The enquiry divides itself into three parts: (1) an account of the royalist tradition dominant in politics until the Puritan revolution, and dominant in literature long after it; (2) a survey, based on the early poems and prose works, of Milton's changing thought and sentiment, considered in its setting, the revolutionary ferment of the seventeenth century, itself part of the larger movement of the Western mind away from royalism; (3) the detailed examination of the imagery of *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. Mr Ross's conclusion, supported by ample evidence, is that in *Paradise Lost* Milton is still largely dependent on a language fundamentally traditional, but that in the two last poems he breaks away and shapes for himself an imagery in closer accord with his own thought and sentiment and with the aspirations of the party to which, in his own day and beyond it, he belongs. The book must not be mistaken for a general estimate of Milton's poetry. It is a special study, critical and historical, which tries to see Milton in close relation to his age and the age as a moment in the history of political thought. And it succeeds in bringing into bold relief a set of considerations which students of Milton's poetry have generally ignored. Like other ideas and methods which have

validity, Mr Ross's are applicable beyond the particular subject treated. The problem of the relation of a poet's imagery, on the one hand, to tradition and, on the other, to his experience, thought and feeling, is a fundamental problem. Of this problem, as it appears in Milton, Mr Ross has deliberately isolated what may be described as the political aspect. And immediately one thinks of other writers in the seventeenth and later centuries, to whom this type of enquiry and this technique might be profitably applied. Since the type of enquiry and the technique are so evidently his own, we hope that Mr Ross may find opportunity for their further application.

On two important works in theology Professor W. S. McCullough has furnished the following note:

"When the United Church of Canada came into being in 1925, its Basis of Union contained a statement on Doctrine which set forth, in the traditional language of Protestantism, the substance of the Christian faith as held by the three uniting Churches. Subsequently there was prepared another *Statement of Faith*, couched in a less traditional phraseology, and this was endorsed by the Ninth General Council of the United Church in 1940. *This Is Our Faith*, by John Dow, Professor of New Testament at Emmanuel College, Toronto, offers a fuller exposition of the *Statement*. It does not pretend to be a critical study, for it assumes as its framework the main doctrines of the Church. The plan of the book is a straightforward one: each of the twelve chapters deals with one section of the *Statement;* the first is entitled "God," the second 'Jesus Christ,' and the last 'The Consummation.' In contrast to the theological character of *Doctrine in the Church of England*, the substantial treatise produced in 1938 by an Anglican Commission in England, *This Is Our Faith* is theological only in its basic assumptions. It is primarily a very practical and scriptural treatment of its subject, and as is pardonable in a work intended for the Church at large, it betrays a certain homiletic interest. There is, however, no mustiness here; the thought is vigorous, the language fresh, and altogether it is an entirely creditable volume. Would that more men in the Church's theological colleges were of the stature of the author.

"*The Heart of the New Testament*, by the late Sir Robert Falconer, comprising three lectures, delivered to the Alumni Association of Emmanuel College, Toronto, in September, 1943,

is of special interest as being its author's last publication. Its primary aim is to show that it is the Person of Christ which gives the somewhat diverse writings of the New Testament their unity and perennial vitality. The first lecture printed deals with the Jesus of History, and the second and third with the Christ of the Church. These subjects involve the lecturer in a survey of most of the New Testament, and give him an opportunity to state his own mature conclusions on many of its problems. The book is therefore very comprehensive, but it is also a model of lucidity and brevity. Sir Robert appraises, among other things, the recent trends in the criticism of the Synoptic Gospels; he believes that it is impossible by historical methods alone to produce an adequate view of Jesus according to the flesh, but he concedes that 'some aspects of the "liberal" Jesus are gains.' His view on the Fourth Gospel, 'the most difficult problem in New Testament criticism,' is that it may be designated 'The Gospel of John the Presbyter according to John the son of Zebedee.' Not the least important feature of these lectures is their revelation of a great scholar's deep-rooted Christian theism. 'However vast science may have shown the universe to be, . . . however far distant the goal of human history, it is the God revealed to us historically in Jesus who has ruled it, and who will continue to rule it, in justice and love.' "

What a Man Can Believe, by the Rev. James D. Smart, is a remarkably fresh, clear-headed and courageous book; and by these qualities, and its obvious sincerity, it immediately gains the confidence of the thoughtful layman, to whom it is addressed. Dr Smart does not pretend that faith is easy, that doubt is necessarily culpable and unproductive of good, or that theology is a matter for specialists, in which the lay mind can have little interest or concern, and which it had better take on trust or, in other words, ignore. Instead, he strongly avers the contrary of all these propositions. Faith involves much more than the intellectual comprehension and acceptance of a body of doctrine. It is an experience and a way of life, which receive light from the doctrine and cast light back upon it. But the body of doctrine is indispensable. And in order that the layman may understand it, see its bearings upon life as he knows it, and the ideal of the good life, and that he may answer for himself the question, how far can I accept it?, Dr Smart sets forth his reading of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity:

scripture, the Father, the Son, Christ Crucified, the Holy Spirit, the Church, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting. His exposition is beautifully clear and simple; it is grounded in the words of scripture, but at the same time informed by the author's scholarship; and it brings everything to the test of experience. This is a very skilful and effective piece of writing, and in every sense of the word a good book.

Good and effective, in its very different way, is also Canon Ward's *The Master on the Mount*, a practical and popular exposition of the first Christian sermon. The broadcasts from St Stephen's in Toronto have become something of a national institution, and this volume is one of their fruits. *Modern Parables*, by the Rev. E. Gilmour Smith, is a set of brief essays in which facts and experiences of modern life are, as it were, allegorized so as to illustrate some phase of Christian teaching. *The Life That Now Is*, whose author writes under the pseudonym of "John L. Davidson," turns out on inspection to be, in Mr McCullough's phrase, "essentially a deist's preface to morals." "This," he observes, "is a big as well as an old theme, and it does not appear that the author has the qualifications to write upon it with any special distinction."

In *Leaders of the Canadian Church, Third Series*, Canon Bertal Heeney continues his valuable collection of biographical sketches written by himself and others with special knowledge. The present volume is enriched by a foreword from Dr Cody, which is itself a charming essay in reminiscence. As in its predecessors, so in this third series, the impressive missionary effort of the Anglican Communion in the West and in the North claims its share of the story —in the sketches of Archbishops Machray, Stringer and Thornloe, and Bishop Anderson. The year 1943 also saw the publication of two other records of considerable interest. The Rev. David Greene's *By the Swift Waters* recounts his experiences, first as a student, and then as an ordained missioner in the opening West from 1910 to 1918. The story falls into three parts: Mr Greene's first summer at Sunkist, Saskatchewan, full of enthusiasm for his work, and (as is very evident) full of youthful high spirits; his years of study and roughing it at the newly founded University of Saskatchewan, the daughter rather than the parent of his own college, Emmanuel, which had been founded by Bishop Anderson some forty years before; and, finally, his return to Sunkist and his three-years' labour there culminating in the dedication, in May,

1917, of the only church of any denomination within a radius of forty miles. This modest chapter of autobiography has historical value and human interest, and exhibits a natural gift for narrative and description. In *By Water and the Word*, Mrs F. P. Shearwood has told the story of the heroic missionary effort of Bishop Newnham of Moosonee, first as assistant to Bishop Horden, then (1893-1904) as his successor. It is not accurate to describe the book as "a transcription" of the Bishop's diary, though it quotes liberally from that document and is no doubt based almost exclusively upon it. The general character of the narrative and the quotations suggest the desirability some day of an edition of the whole diary, supplemented by such of the Bishop's letters as can be recovered. At the very least, the diary, or a microfilm thereof, should be deposited in some national library for future use.

Half a century after Bishop Newnham made his perilous way through Hudson Strait to the scene of his new labours among Eskimo and Cree, two other records of Northland journeys appeared. In *Igloo for the Night*, Mrs Tom Manning gives a detailed account of her own and her husband's adventures during three years spent in travel by motorboat and dog-sleigh in the region around Foxe Basin and Channel, much of it north of the arctic circle. The book is virtually a journal and in this region one day of hardship and privation is, in the telling, rather like another; but Mrs Manning writes with some ease and vividness, and the book makes interesting as well as informative reading. Highly readable, too, is *Down North*, Mr Malcolm MacDonald's gay and debonair account of his Cook's tour of the Northwest, and his flying visit to Aklavik. With engaging modesty he writes: "I am aware that this book will probably be greeted with a howl of derision all the way from Edmonton to Aklavik. One day last August I dropped from the sky into the far north, and a fortnight later flew out again." There will be no derision south and east of Edmonton (nor, we imagine, north and west). For perhaps not one Canadian in fifty thousand has had Mr MacDonald's experience, nor would one in fifty thousand bring to it his informed and receptive mind and his happy gift "to live, converse and write with ease." Though he is not of the literary stature of John Buchan, once more Scotland, Oxford and the Imperial Government have unwittingly conspired to benefit Canadian letters.

The longest piece of narrative and descriptive writing published

during the year really belongs to the Canadian literature of three decades ago. In an admirably produced volume, with abundant maps and illustrations, and under the editorial direction of Dr J. C. Webster, the Tribune Press, of Sackville, N.B., has reprinted the late Dr W. O. Raymond's classic account of *The River St. John: Its Physical Features, Legends, and History from 1604 to 1784*, together with a brief account of its author. There is a wealth of local and national history in its pages, and the meticulous care that went to the writing of the volume is vouched for by Dr Webster and appears throughout the whole. Local history is the staple of two other volumes. *More Tales Told under the Old Town Clock*, by William C. Borrett, is "a series of broadcast talks designed . . . to revive memories of bygone days and events which have made Nova Scotia Canada's most storied province." The events, which include more than one adventure on the high seas, are sufficiently stirring or curious to hold the attention of their audience and demand, and get, little but clear and simple narration. *Our Old Home Town* is a collection of newspaper articles by the late F. H. Dobbin, dealing with the early history of Peterborough, Ontario. In his excursions into the local past, of which he had a very considerable knowledge, Mr Dobbin retained his newspaperman's sense for news and a headline, as appears in such chapters as "A First Circus Day" (the year, 1858), "Free Fights at Public Events," and "Whiskey at a Shilling a Gallon." The style is perhaps neither better nor worse than one would meet in the average newspaper outside our urban centres. Mr Dobbin was no Roberton, but such a chapter as the first mentioned clearly evokes a scene, and the chapter on the government-aided immigration from Ireland, with its quotations from original documents, shows some natural gift for the writing of history.

Journalism of a grimmer kind is represented in *This Man Hanged Himself: A Study of the Evidence in The King versus Newell*, by Edwin C. Guillet. It is a Canadian example of a type of work produced by every notorious murder trial in England. A superficial examination suggests that it is orderly in presentation and not unduly sensational. To say more would involve reading the book; and that we must decline.

In view of its varied subject-matter and of the usual level of its performance, one may also include under the general heading of "journalism," a book which otherwise defies classification. This

is *Facts and Fancies*, a volume of no less than 404 pages, containing, presumably, the collected writings to date of Mr Gustave-Marquis Charland and Dorothy Lovell, his American-born wife. The collection opens with sketches of a first trip to Europe, goes on to a section headed "Experiences as a Teacher," next offers fifty pages of short poems, of different degrees of technical competence, and concludes with essays on such diverse topics as Sir Walter Scott and Knoxville, Tennessee, with an address to young women, entitled "Social Purity," and a highly unconvincing dialogue, in a train, between a professor of universal history and a divine, in which the former, it is broadly hinted, is converted to fundamentalism. The effect is that of journalism, but not the motive. The first sentence of the Publishers' preface remarks: "The most important thing in life, after meeting basic needs, is self-expression." The proposition, in the sense in which it is meant, is worse than dubious; but it explains *Facts and Fancies*. Mr Charland's essay on the French language in Canada is not without interest, and the account of his problems (and how he met them) in a rural school has some value. But in general this is the kind of book that makes you reflect—on the paper shortage.

The desire for self-expression, indeed, accounts for far too much in Canadian letters, and is accompanied by far too little self-criticism. It accounts, one is forced to conclude, for *Friendship*, by Harry Symons, a volume quite beautifully produced by Macmillans. This details with rather depressing gusto the quest of the author and his family for a country residence (at last acquired in the place named "Friendship") and their hearty entrance into the life of a rural community, entirely peopled by "characters," most of whom obstinately refuse to be transferred to the printed page. There are occasional moments of good description, such as the picture of the mother skunk rescuing her babies from the rising flood. There might have been more of these moments if the author had been less anxious to produce effects. What Mr Symons generally fails to do for us in *Friendship* is to reproduce in its full enjoyment the experience of the ordinary man in the presence of nature and the simple life.

Now it is precisely this that Mr John Robins succeeds in doing in *The Incomplete Anglers*. Can it be because it takes more than the ordinary man—the literary artist—to do it? I do not know. I only know that adopting, or seeming to adopt, a wise passiveness

in the presence, and the recounting, of the experience, he manages not merely to open the experience to us, but also very fully to express himself therein. The final test of a book about fishing is whether those with a constitutional aversion to fish (except on the plate) can read it with pleasure. *The Incomplete Anglers* triumphantly sustains the test. But that is the one quality (subject and title apart) which it has in common with Isaac Walton. Mr Robins, the jacket with due solemnity informs us, is a professor. If it is really true, he has left his books at home. The literary quality is not of the sort that comes from quotation or the subtler forms of allusion. But it may well be that the study of masterpieces has taught him what it is fitting to say and what to repress. Or is it simply native artistry and his unfailing sense of humour?

It would be arbitrary, and perhaps presumptuous, to deal at length here with *Fourscore Years: An Autobiography*, by G. G. Coulton. For though written (as the text betrays) for the most part in Toronto, it closes before the war conferred on us the pleasure of Dr Coulton's presence, and it falls within the scope of this survey only by accident. A full-length review will appear in a later issue of the QUARTERLY. *Fourscore Years* gradually builds up for its reader, by episode, scene and anecdote, a perfect picture of daily life in Victorian and post-Victorian England, especially in its ecclesiastical and educational spheres, with the loved English landscape present always in the background, and beyond the mists of the Channel and the North Sea a continent that was not yet a nightmare. It all revives in Dr Coulton's memories and his pages. The manner in general is at once factual and somewhat discursive, but underlying it is the conscientiousness of the scholar dealing with the materials—the impressions—of an artist. Of Llandaff cathedral sixty years ago he writes:

> The choir had a peculiarly plaintive chant which I have never heard elsewhere, in Gregorian plain-song, for Psalm 137: "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept: when we remembered thee, O Sion." . . . To me, it struck the same chord as the dreaming evening light on the south wall at Felsted, and the "Through the day thy love hath spared us" at Malvern Wells: the fullness of present peace, and yet something of the hierophant's thrill on the threshold of the mysteries: something which evaporates here as I try to describe it, and makes me wonder whether I have not now cracked the glass of pure memory for ever.

That passage speaks for itself, and speaks to us.

Memories, the memories of another, form the substance, or rather the basis, of Mary Douglas's truly remarkable essay in portraiture, *Road's End*. The aged Monsignor Michael Carling, brought home to die, lives again in dream and reverie the scenes of his childhood and early youth, which are presented with wonderful vividness. There is variety in these scenes, but also progression in the story unfolded. For we are allowed to divine some of the forces by which dream and reverie are controlled: the natural retreat of the mind into the past as the present falls away; the natural desire for comfort and reassurance on the approach to the great unknown —a desire satisfied by the old priest's faith, but best satisfied when that faith can renew itself in the scenes where, all unknown, its seeds were first planted; the falling into focus of all his later life, his studies and his pastoral labour, as the effort to guard this essential faith, and the simple faithful, against an encroaching world . . . . How much of the mind of the dying man the artist has really captured no one can know. Suffice it, that her picture has the unity, the progression, and the satisfying power, of what it is, a highly successful work of art which is founded upon a sympathetic perception of a reality.

We come to our final volumes. They are from the pen of Canada's best-known man of letters, whose death at any other time might have been quite truly said to "eclipse the gaiety of nations" —but who can speak of gaiety and nations now? This is not the place to attempt any general estimate of Stephen Leacock—that, we hope, will follow in a later issue of the QUARTERLY, for it is not without its interesting problems. *How to Write* is partly a serious manual of Mr Leacock's own art, and full of shrewd comment and sage advice, especially on what to avoid. But, as always, cheerfulness will break through—as indeed why should it not, since in Mr Leacock's conviction humour and wisdom are near neighbours and need not stand on ceremony with each other? To take one brick at random to suggest the character of the house: Chapter VI, "Good and Bad Language," has for its heading: "English superiority and American slang—The English steal the language, the Americans the continent—Canadians and Eskimos out of it . . . ," and in the text this: "In Canada we have enough to do keeping up with two spoken languages without trying to invent [another]; so we just go right ahead and use English for literature, Scotch for sermons, and American for conversation . . . . I myself talk Ontario English; I

don't admire it, but it's all I can do; anything is better than affectation." *Happy Stories Just to Laugh At* is in Stephen Leacock's oldest and best vein—the delightful compound of shrewd observation and outrageous distortion. We have never since, of course, struck it quite so rich as in *Literary Lapses*, and sometimes the vein has seemed to be nearly worked out. But always it has renewed itself. To those who doubt this assertion we commend "Mr Plumter, B.A. [who is the quintessential *alumnus*] Visits the Old Shop," and "Cooking for Victory," an interview with Mrs Beeton. In the final sketch, we take our leave of Mariposa. It is Victory-Loan day, which is described with the expected gusto and whimsy. Then from the vantage ground of Jeff's barber-shop the author hears a voice in the street: "a new heaven and a new earth."

"What's that, Jeff?" asked a customer in the chair, "a Victory meeting?" "No," said Jeff, "it's nothing. It's just a religious revival."

"Oh," said the customer, "nothing real."

A new heaven and a new earth—the words seemed to echo still as I walked away from the town and beside the lake towards my home. The evening was closing in around me—as it is every evening at my age—and from the lighted town behind me, and in the evening breeze gathering off the lake, the sound still came—"a new heaven and a new earth."

CHECK-LIST OF TIT ES

Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy, Aspects of contemporary painting in Canada, 1942 (Andover, Mass., the Gallery, 63 pp., $1.00). **Anderson (Violet)** ed., The United Nations today & tomorrow: addresses given at the Canadian Institute on Public Affairs, August 21 to 28, 1943 (Toronto, Ryerson, viii, 166 pp. $1.25). **Ashley (C. A.)** ed., Reconstruction in Canada (Toronto, University of Toronto Press, xvi, 148 pp., $1.00). **Barbeau (Marius),** Côté the wood carver (Canadian art series; Toronto, Ryerson, 44 pp., $1.00 cloth; 60c. paper); and **Melvin (Grace),** The Indian speaks (Caldwell, Idaho, Caxton Printers; Toronto, Macmillan, 117 pp., $3.00). **Behind the headlines series,** published by Canadian Association for Adult Education and Canadian Institute of International Affairs, Toronto (10c. each): Adamson (Anthony) ed., Homes or hovels? (48 pp.); Clokie (H. McD.), Moscow Conference (28 pp.); Lloyd (Trevor), Canada's last frontier (32 pp.); Robertson (J. K.), Canada's future in test tubes? (20 pp.); Saunders (S. A.) and Back (Eleanor), Newfoundland—sentinel of the St. Lawrence (22 pp.); Shea (Albert) and Estorick (Eric), Canada and the short-wave war (36 pp.); Stepler (D. H.), Family allowances for Canada? (32 pp.); Whitton (Charlotte), Security for Canadians (18 pp.); Young (D. M.), The unarmed forces: Canadian labor in war-time (32 pp.). **Beurling (G. F.)** and **Roberts (Leslie),** Malta spitfire: the story of a fighter pilot (Toronto, Oxford, xiv, 235 pp., $2.50). **Borrett (W. C.),** More tales told under the old town clock (Halifax, Imperial

Publishing Co., xvi, 233 pp.). **Brady** (**A**) and **Scott** (**F. R.**) (eds.), Canada after the war: studies in political, social and economic policies for post-war Canada (issued under the auspices of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs; Toronto, Macmillan, xii, 348 pp., $3.25). **Brown** (**E. K.**), On Canadian poetry (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 157 pp., $2.25). **Canadian Broadcasting Corporation,** "Of things to come" . . . inquiry on the post-war world: 16 broadcasts heard on the C.B.C. national network during the spring of 1943 (Toronto, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 228 pp., 25c.). **Carter** (**Dyson**), Stalin's life (Winnipeg, Contemporary Publishers, 48 pp., 15c.); Wonder stories from the science world (Winnipeg, Contemporary Publishers, 32 pp.). **Cassidy** (**H. M.**), Social security and reconstruction in Canada (Toronto, Ryerson, x, 197 pp., $2.50 cloth; $2.00 paper). **Chambers** (**F. P.**), ***Grant** (**C. P.**), and **Bayley** (**C. C.**), This age of conflict: a contemporary world history, 1914-1943 (N. Y., Harcourt, Brace, xviii, 856, xciii pp., $7.00). **Charland** (**G.-M.** and **D. L.**), Facts and fancies (Sherbrooke, P. Q., La Tribune, xviii, 404 pp., $3.50). **Clark** (**M. M. I.**), The positive side of John Graves Simcoe (Toronto, Forward Publishing Co., 121 pp., $1.25). **Clarke** (**G. H.**) ed., The new treasury of war poetry: poems of the Second World War (Boston, Houghton Mifflin, xxxiv, 285 pp., $3.00). **Coats** (**R. H.**) and **Maclean** (**M. C.**), The American-born in Canada: a statistical interpretation (The relations of Canada and the United States, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Division of Economics and History; Toronto, Ryerson; New Haven, Yale, xxii, 176 pp., $3.75). **Colgate** (**William**), Canadian art, its origin and development; with a foreword by C. W. Jefferys (Toronto, Ryerson, xviii, 278 pp., $5.00). **Contemporary affairs series,** published by Ryerson Press, Toronto: Flenley (R) ed., The treatment of post-war Germany (67 pp., 50c.), Gelber (Lionel), Are Empires doomed? (32 pp., 40c.). **Coulton** (**G. G.**), Fourscore years: an autobiography (Cambridge, at the University Press; Toronto, Macmillan, viii, 378 pp., $7.00). **Cross** (**A. F.**), The people's mouths (Toronto, Macmillan, vii, 171 pp., $2.50). **Currie** (**A. B.**), The modern secondary school: an essay toward co-operative humanism (Toronto, Halifax, Ryerson, x, 161 pp., $1.50). **Dafoe** (**J. W.**), Sixty years in journalism: the text of the address delivered by Mr Dafoe on the occasion of a dinner tendered to him by the Winnipeg Press Club to mark the completion of sixty continuous years of newspaper work in Canada (Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, Oct. 16, 13 pp.). **Davidson** (**John L.**) *pseud.*, The life that now is (Toronto, Crucible Press, 200 pp.). **Davidson** (**Richard**), A faith to live by (out of print), and The meaning of baptism (Toronto, Board of Evangelism and Social Service, United Church of Canada; Ryerson, iv, 28 pp., 15c.). **Davies** (**R. A.**), This is our land: Ukrainian Canadians against Hitler (Toronto, Progress Books, 158 pp., $2.00). **Dawson** (**R. M.**), Canada in world affairs: two years of war, 1939-1941 (London, Toronto, N.Y., Oxford, viii, 342, $3.00). **Deadman** (**W. J.**), Canada's fundamental reconstruction (Hamilton, Appleford Paper Products, 19 pp.). **Dobbin** (**F. H.**), Our old home town; woodcut illustrations by Mary Lee (Toronto, Vancouver, Dent, xii, 246 pp., $3.00). **Dorland** (**A. G.**), **Williams** (**W. L. G.**) and ***Davis** (**Jerome**), Problems of world reconstruction: a discussion of the Atlantic Charter (Toronto, Friends War Victims' Relief Committee, 113

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